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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 22, 1934
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1822

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 22 1934

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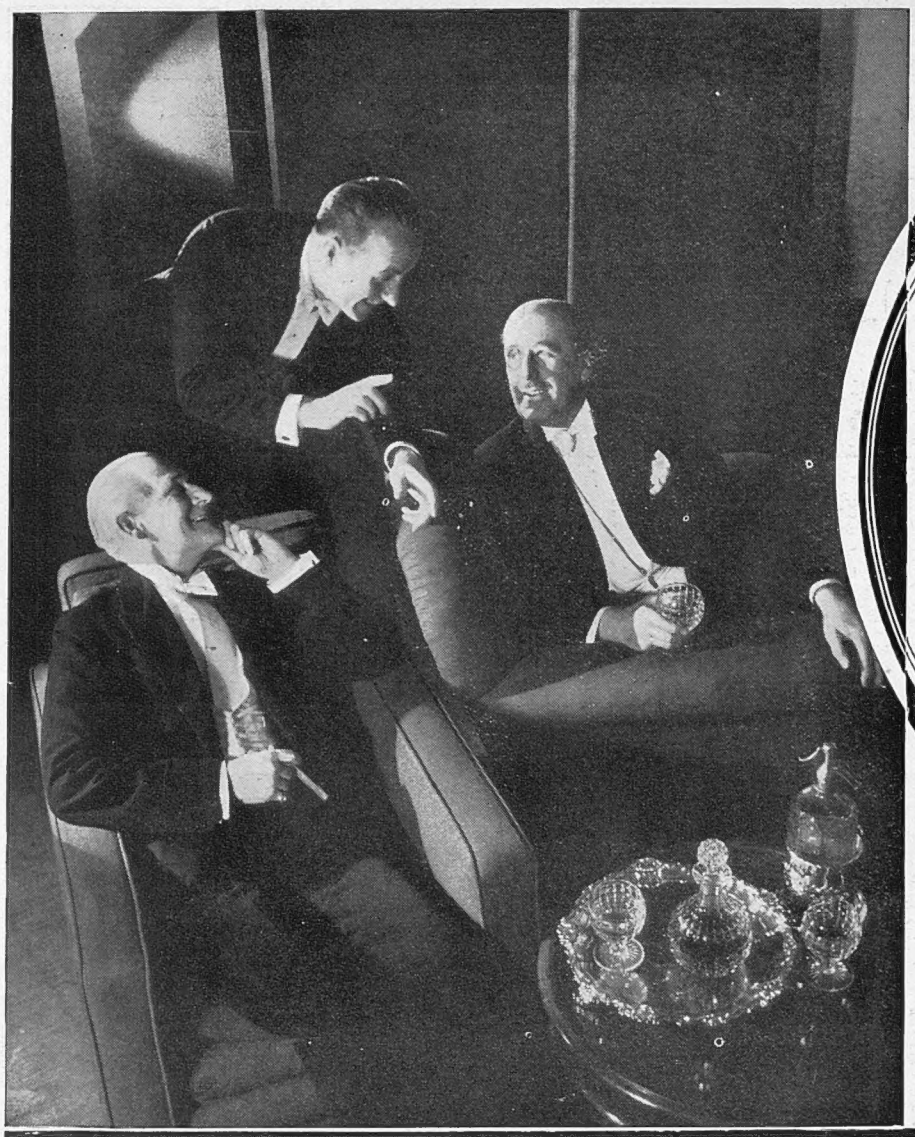

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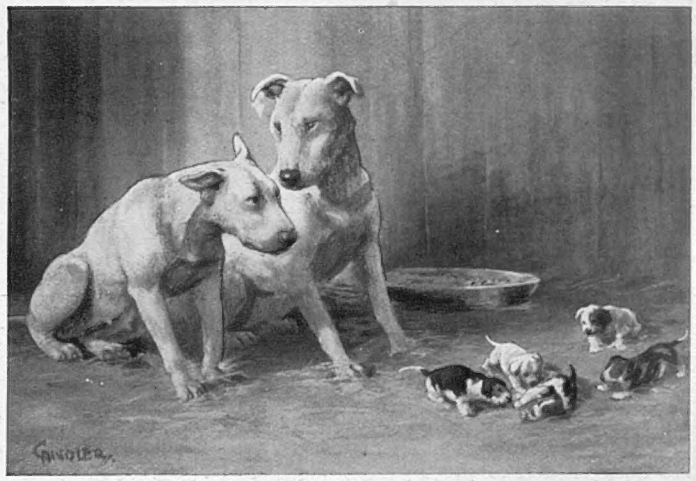

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 22, 1934

The Saar: Europe's Political Crater

Major Hemsley (right), the English Chief of the Territory's Police Force, and One of his Men

At a moment when the eyes of the world are focussed on the Saar and on the eve of the arrival of the British force which is to help to maintain order during the plebiscite, it must be regarded as doubly unfortunate that two "incidents" should have taken place; both tending to make a delicate situation even more delicate. It appears that Major A. C. Hemsley attended a well-known café in Saarbrucken with other officers and that Prince Loewenstein (a native of the Saar, an anti-Hitlerite, and one who has often visited and been hospitably received in England) thought fit to complain of the party's hilarity and an altercation ensued, ending with the Prince lodging a protest with Mr. Geoffrey Knox, the British President of the League Governing Commission. Later in the same evening there was a more serious occurrence in which Captain Justice, another member of the police force, was involved. It is reported that, when he was reversing his car, the back wheels mounted the pavement and slightly injured a German woman standing there. A crowd, which quickly formed, adopted a hostile attitude, and a fight broke out in the course of which several shots were fired and one person was wounded in the stomach. This second affair was immediately made the subject of an official inquiry

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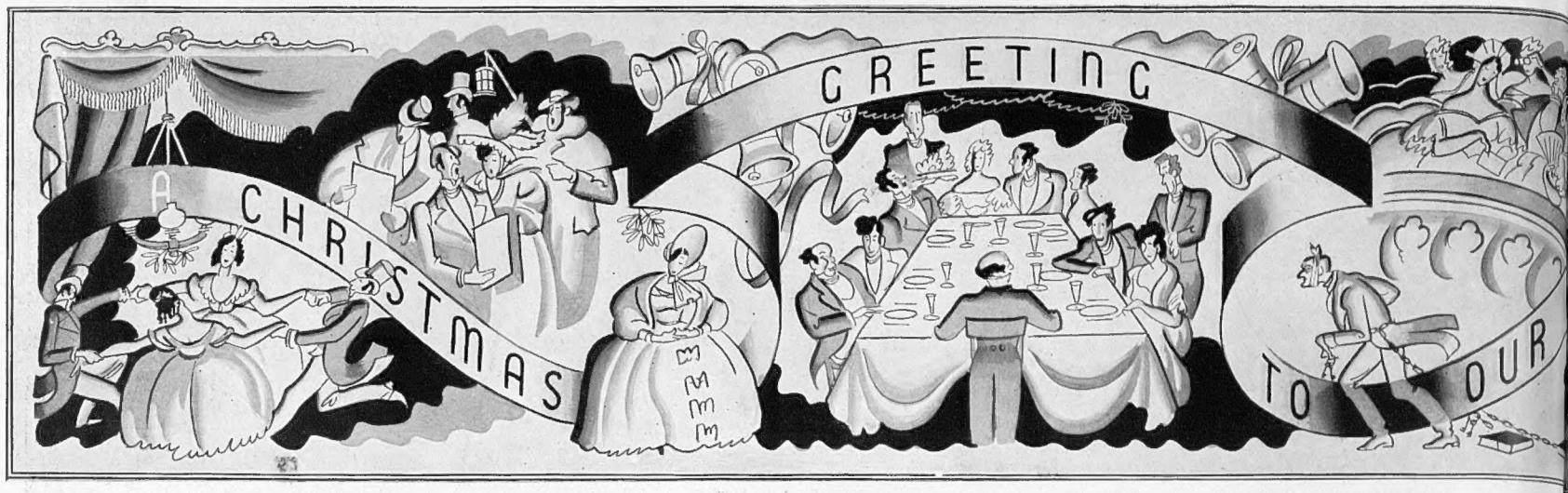


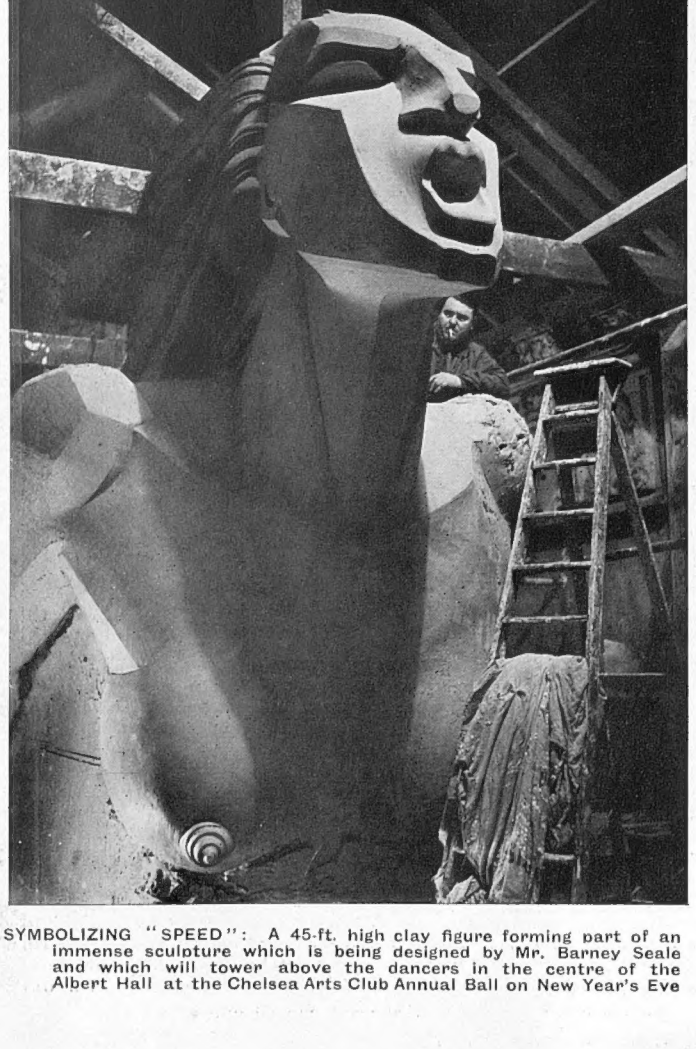
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 19, 1934.

CHRISTMAS.—Christmas comes and with it an appropriate Christmas star, the discovery of Mr. Prentice of Stowmarket. Always a portent, I am convinced that the new brightness of Nova Herculis signifies the new brightness of the British Empire. The approach to Christmas and winter has this year been one of the most gentle and beneficent on record. For nearly three weeks September weather and almost sultry nights continued, with an abnormal amount of rainfall. The drought has certainly "ended" officially, except in a very few unfortunate corners of England. The great reservoirs are full and many normally dry belts had registered 12 in. of rain between November 1 and December 18. Natural abnormalities were everywhere observed. Everywhere the grass is as fresh and green as in May; daffodil bulbs are showing a quarter-of-an-inch of green shoots above ground; hens have been laying as in Spring or Summer; primulas and even primroses are blooming in bulk; the song birds have advanced their concerts by six weeks, and the autumn fruits came to regard the summer of 1934 as non-stop. In spite of floods and gales and the forebodings of the rustic sages that "we shall pay for all this," we have grounds for thanksgiving for the abnormal gentleness of the dark weeks. In a very few days now "the days will begin to draw out," we shall hear news of the sun when the first frosts begin and when at last winter comes, we shall enter upon it with all our reserves of strength unimpaired. We have, therefore, much to be thankful for. And whether your Christmas Day be sultry or "old-fashioned" I wish you joy of it and write down the time-honoured good wishes:

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL "SPHERE" READERS

The interest in MARY READ, the WOMAN PIRATE, continues to grow with every performance of the play at His Majesty's Theatre. The programme does not help one beyond the inclusion of dates to certain scenes. "The Sphere" has therefore made a first endeavour to fill in the gaps in our knowledge of this extraordinary person. As a result of these researches the story of Mary Read now rests on a more authentic historical basis than hitherto. Knowledge of her place of birth is still lacking, but we are in this issue able to give documentary evidence of the trial and condemnation which preceded her end. English authors who have dealt with the American piracy period at the beginning of the eighteenth century do not appear to have been aware of the existence of these documents. These works, including a new one on pirates, re-issued a few weeks ago by Messrs. Longmans, appear to rely almost wholly on the narratives of the mysterious Captain Charles Johnson (1724). Certain less-recent volumes prove on examination to be merely reprints with modern illustrations. Mary Read's story has also attracted certain novelists. The very latest, entitled "Mary Read, the Pirate Wench," published by Hurst and Blackett last week, is stated to be "not only exciting fiction but authentic in fact." That is as may be. If the reader would capture the spirit of Mary Read and her times, he will read "The Rogue's Moon," by R. W. Chambers (Appletons), for therein he will find the spirit of Mary Read working through the young heroine, who, like Mary Read, is clothed in boy's garments



SYMBOLIZING "SPEED": A 45-ft. high clay figure forming part of an immense sculpture which is being designed by Mr. Barney Seale and which will tower above the dancers in the centre of the Albert Hall at the Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball on New Year's Eve

A COPY OF "THE SPHERE"—ITS LIFE STORY.—This message of goodwill is, as my post-bag has long since assured me, an Empire broadcast which may not travel quite so fast as that so efficiently organized by the B.B.C. On the contrary, its virtue lies in the slow deliberation of its percolation. The merits of THE SPHERE—I write of it as an outsider and an amateur of the technical side of journalism, being but a free-lance myself—are the prime cause of the long life of every copy, and the long life of every copy must surely enormously enhance its value as an advertising medium. Instance after instance comes to me through the post of the number of hands through which a single copy passes. Here is one example: It is sent through a Sussex newsagent to a family near Brighton. They send the copy well-thumbed to a son who farms in Yorkshire. He loans it for a week to a local club of working men. It is then despatched to a brother in Australia and by the time it reaches him you would say that (what with wireless and speed 'planes) the news in it is a trifle stale and the views *vieux jeu*. But not a bit of it. The contents have merely mellowed; the tattered copy is only beginning its career of usefulness. From a farm in the State of Victoria this copy travels regularly to an isolated part of Queensland, where it passes from lonely farmstead to lonelier farmstead, and the news and views of two months and more ago are spelled through and absorbed. Thus weeks hence the grace and beauty of the Duchess of Kent will smile, a beneficent revelation in wedding finery, on lonely Charleville when long since the lady herself has taken up her responsible duties as a staid British matron of the Royal house. So it is worth while taking a deal of trouble over every feature of every issue.

ANOTHER SUCCESS AT GENEVA.—A year of depressing failure for the League was redeemed at the very end by two successes; in the Saar plebiscite safeguards and the Yugoslav-Hungarian blow-up. This last looked as nasty as possible, until on December 10 a solution was found to the deadlock. That solution, tabled in M. Laval's name, was hailed as a fresh triumph for British diplomatic prestige and for the persuasive genius of Mr. Eden. That even this solution is not yet absolutely "binding," and that the terrorist complaint is but one of many bitter causes of friction between the two countries are commonly agreed. While sharp difference of opinion exists as to the vital need of Treaty revision, and while tariff questions remain the constant irritants they are, all the nations most deeply involved in the fortunes of Balkan and Central European politics will be at loggerheads over this and that suddenly, bitterly, and dangerously. The League will never have a breathing space. All the more reason for us to acknowledge and welcome the first real evidence in a long period of pessimism of its liveliness and effective force. It is *not* a commonplace (because I am sure the average man does *not* appreciate it) that the League thinks and works under an entirely new spirit in diplomacy. The man in the street and, more important, many of the delegates to the League, still construe the working of the League's mind in terms of the old diplomacy. At the back of our minds we still cling to the old idea that no solution of a quarrel among nations can have any binding or permanent force unless it is achieved by fear on the part of one or both parties of armed intervention as the ultimate sanction.

A CHOICE OF WORDS.—We are inclined to dismiss as merely an academic success the discovery of a formula, a nice selection of words which enables one party to swallow its pride without obviously eating humble pie, and to withdraw from a hasty or dangerous ultimatum. The solution in the Yugoslav-Hungarian crisis is an example of this nice selection of phrases, but we are wrong on that account to doubt its effectiveness. If the League is to continue to regain its prestige and *ibso facto* its power, the man in the street and the delegates at Geneva must positively forget the old ideas of diplomacy in connection with the League and realize the great truth that the League is always thinking and acting on a totally new conception of international diplomacy. The League recognizes at last that the quarrels of nations do indeed depend for solution on the same human factors which govern the quarrels of individuals, and these are false pride and the one-sidedness which hot temper and the intense egotism which comes from a sense of injury, engender. There is therefore far more than we yet appreciate in a nice choice of words which enables each party to a dispute to accept a finding of the League without any apparent "loss of dignity." We have got to give up dismissing as childish and trivial this lobbying in open council, this Gilbertian "alteration of a single word," and henceforth to accept as possible and right for the settlement of international disputes the "almost childish" diplomacy which so often settles bitter disputes in family life. Therein lies the triumph of the League over this question, and of Mr. Eden. Let us neither minimise that triumph nor doubt its efficacy, for all its frail and nebulous foundation on a choice of little words. The fact that other and very serious quarrels will bring fresh trouble should not affect our recognition of this particular stroke of League diplomacy.

Drawn by J. Matthew

A MANDATE FOR INDIAN REFORM.

—By 410 votes against 127, a very full poll, the House of Commons gave the Government a clear mandate to proceed with the measures recommended in the White Paper as amended. The majority was significant, but the endorsement was even clearer than the figures show, because of course the Socialists in opposition were really opposing the proposed measures of reform only because they do not go far enough. In a word, the Commons did what the man in the street has done. They came to the conclusion that, things having gone as far as they have since 1917, it were vain now to draw back, and since we must go forward, it is common sense to assume that the recommendations made after the most exhaustive researches ever taken in hand by a committee composed of a team almost unparalleled for ability and experience, are probably better than even carefully-thought-out recommendations by biassed individuals, howsoever talented. It is a subject far too complex for any but experts in conclave and with every facility at their disposal for research. The ordinary citizen is compelled to back the Committee's recommendations. Mr. Baldwin's last-minute assurance that the whole of the Governments in India believe that the scheme will work, must give us some comfort in our natural apprehension of the future of so obscure and intricate an experiment. It was a great debate, keen, brilliant, acrimonious, and yet dignified and fair-minded. There were speeches which in less crowded eras had gone down to History. Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Baldwin's, for instance, Sir Austin, Lord Eustace Percy, Mr. Ormsby Gore and Sir Samuel Hoare kept the debate at a very high level. The dignity of Parliament and of the Empire was enhanced by it.

UNHORSED BUT EFFICIENT.

—That fine regiment, the 12th Lancers, arrived home last week after eight years' foreign service in Egypt. As cavalry they left these shores; as an armoured-car regiment they returned to England to be welcomed by Sir W. Birdwood, their Colonel. I fear that the melancholy but inevitable break-up of these splendid mounted units, with their great traditions and glorious histories, is not yet complete. More armoured-car units are to be formed and will be formed out of what remains of the unconverted cavalry regiments. In a year or two, hardly a pre-war cavalry regiment will remain which has not suffered either a "doubling-up" or a mechanization or both. Indeed it seems likely that the Royal Scots Greys will soon be one of at the most two or three survivors to remain in its original form, and to have suffered neither the one nor 'tother loss of its corporate spirit and character. As for the mechanized 12th, they are not long to be left to enjoy the change to home service. As soon as the men have had a brief spell of Christmas leave with their families, one squadron will set out for the Saar, to form part of the International force at the disposal of the League during the plebiscite. The 12th is the only armoured car unit available with experience of the ways of "the furriner."

DIVISION IN THE JUDICATURE.

—Alas and alack, we came to Christmas with a suspicion that peace and goodwill might not be the seasonable blessing of the Chief Officers of the Judicature. In the House of Lords last week the Lord Chief Justice, in an exceedingly bitter speech on the second reading of the Lord Chancellor's new Bill amending the current Judicature Act, revealed the existence of a rift, wide and deep, between himself, as permanent head of the Judicature, and the Lord Chancellor. Until the Lord Chancellor had an opportunity to reply (and his reply was awaited with anxiety) it was impertinent to comment in detail, but the scope of that reply had to cover a number of vital and important charges. Charges of political bias, of Parliamentary control over the Judicature, of affronts to the Supreme permanent head of the Judicature, of interference with its prerogatives and functions, and other matters affecting the privileges and independence of the institution which of all national institutions is our peculiar pride and glory. For four days we waited, hoping that the rift would soon be bridged, narrowed, or filled in. It was an unpleasant obstruction to meet in our progress to better things. In full debate on Friday, the Lord Chancellor's reply, so anxiously awaited, was delivered. The debate was not without its breezes, but it ended in peace. Brutus and Cassius shook hands, off. Actually it was not the Lord Chancellor (as in *Iolanthe*) who "as an old Equity draughtsman" found the peace formula. The brain wave, the "alteration of a single word" in Clause 2 came from Lord Reading. All concerned are now agreed that the idea of a Ministry of Justice is moonshine; that the notion that Sir Claud Schuster favoured the idea is moonshine; that the notion that a Labour Chancellor sought to "freeze out" a Labour Lord Justice is moonshine. Clause 2 will not apply to Lord Justice Slesser. It only remains to regret that for years Lord Hewart and Sir Claud Schuster have not seen eye to eye, a fact which has gritted the wheels of our noblest machine.

BOREDOM.

—Not long ago during an educational address Lord Macmillan raised the Demon of "Boredom." The *Times* spotted this sinister figure and turned its bright searchlight upon it. Here are some significant facts about Boredom, a curse of our age. It was born only seventy years ago. It has no place in Johnson's *Dictionary*. A century ago it could get no control over the human race. Our great-grandfathers were never possessed by boredom. Why? Because a century ago the curses of "prosperity" (except to a handful), short hours of labour, and speed of communications, were unknown. A century ago people worked for their living more slowly, more individually, with more zest and initiative and for longer hours. Even for the idle, the ordinary processes of existence—dressing, eating, travelling from place to place—took up far more time. The idle were so tiny a class that no word existed with which to express the disease of idleness, and that class was still further diminished by the fact that those who had time on their hands were fairly well educated and were interested in intellectual pursuits. Work is the enemy and conqueror of Boredom. The human mind is so constituted that it must for ever be busy about something. To-day, what with short hours of work, unemployment, speed, and labour-saving devices, a quite important proportion of the race has time and to spare on its hands for finding occupation for the ever-busy mind. It has not the faintest idea how to set about it, for it is largely uneducated and entirely unintellectual. Dare we look down on the "idle rich" of a century ago? You have but to look into the leather-bound classics of a century ago on the shelves of old libraries, to get the answer. The margins are filled with their annotations of the classics; the bedrooms are filled with the beautiful needlework of their womenfolk, and the muniment rooms with bundles of letters on bird-life and nature study. As for the workers of a century ago, these men were often the chief favourites of fortune. For their work was their recreation.

THE OLD STAGER.

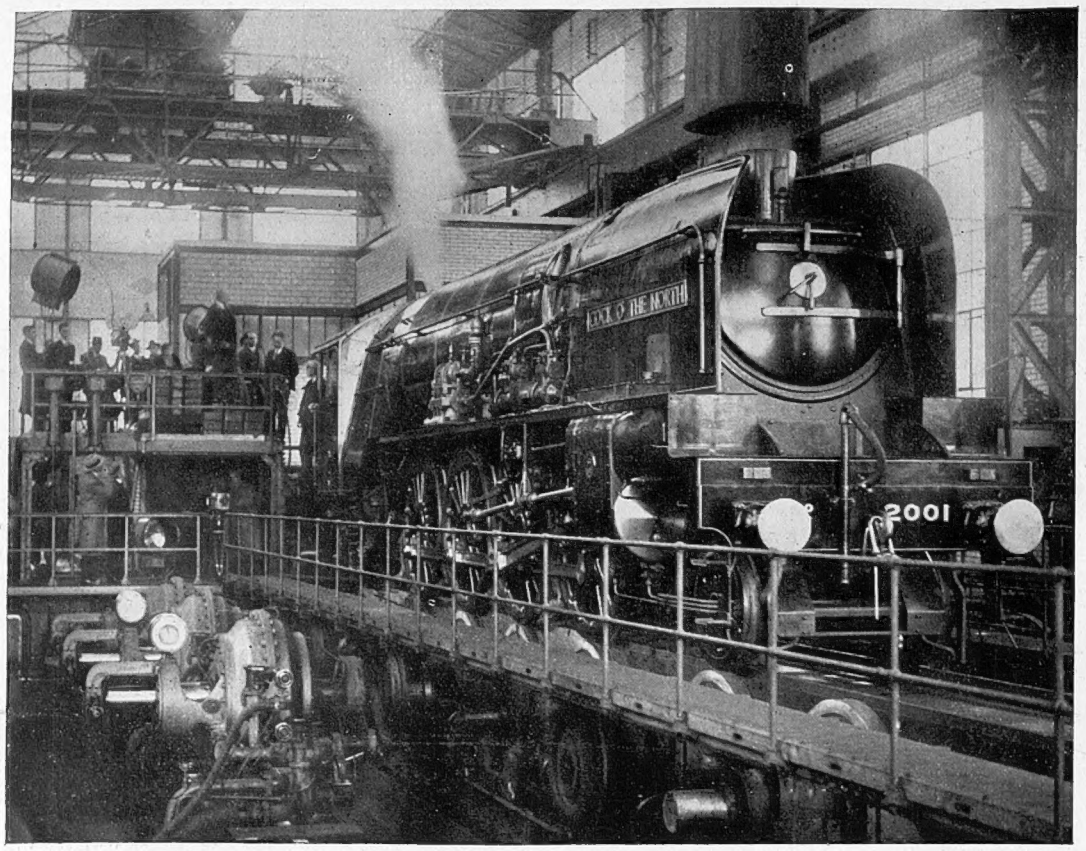
THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S BRIDAL GOWN: The beautiful creation of silver flowered brocade which is being exhibited at St. James's Palace in one of the three rooms where the Royal Wedding presents are also on view. Needless to say it is attracting tremendous interest

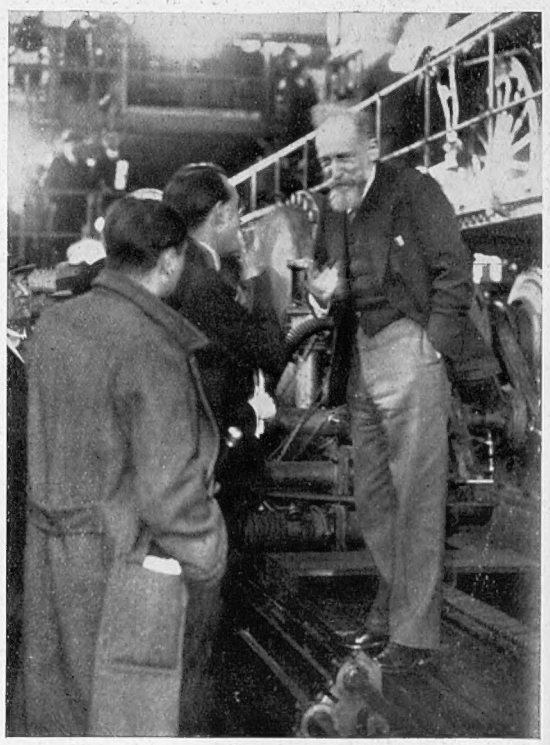
On left—TO APPEAR AT OLYMPIA'S CHRISTMAS CIRCUS AND FUN FAIR: Mu Paun, Mu Proa, and Mu Pa, giraffe-necked Karen women from Eastern Burma, seen arriving at Waterloo on the Southampton–London boat-train. They belong to a race quite apart from the Burmese, and from infancy they have their throats encircled in tight fitting brass bands, thus forcing their necks to grow upwards. Each year, as the distortion increases, a further ring is added until, on reaching maturity, the adult women are able to wear from twenty-one to twenty-five of these singularly uncomfortable-looking ornaments

REWARD OF THRIFT: Police standing guard at Hammersmith Town Hall over the funds of the Broadway Congregational Society which amounted to £68,000 and which were distributed to 21,000 members on Friday of last week. All over the country similar share-outs of almost the same dimensions have been taking place during the past few days

THE "COCK O' THE NORTH" AT VITRY

And Floods in the South of England





ON THE BIGGEST TEST BENCH IN THE WORLD: *Left*—The *Cock o' the North*, the L.N.E.R.'s most powerful and up-to-date locomotive, seen in the workshops of the Paris-Orléans Railway at Vitry, where she is undergoing a series of elaborate trials which, owing to lack of adequate apparatus, it was impossible to make satisfactorily in this country. An article on the subject appears in the column below. *Right*—The Director-in-Chief of the Paris-Orléans Railway discussing the engine's performance with members of the Press

MAROONED: Women motorists greeting an A.A. patrol man when he came to their aid on a flooded stretch of the Pulborough–Arundel road where the water was over 12 in. deep. During the past ten days torrential rains in the south and west of England have made many of the highways impassable

A NOTABLE QUARTETTE: Mr. G. Ward-Price, *The Daily Mail's* well-known foreign correspondent; Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, Chancellor Hitler's representative on Disarmament matters; Lord Rothermere and his son, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, seen in front of the Brandenburg Gate, following the arrival of the two last-named in Berlin after an extensive tour of inspection in the Saar Basin

MADEMOISELLE PARIS: Mlle Andrée Lorrain, the winner of a recent competition to find the most beautiful girl in the French capital. She is twenty-two years old and has just started work in a film studio

A Giant Held in Check

Thrilled, dazed, and deafened, I stood for two hours the other day in a vast workshop that might have been designed by Heath Robinson after a round of drinks with H. G. Wells.

Like some terrifying prehistoric *gigantosaurus* caught in a trap, the monster *Cock o' the North*, belching black clouds from its double smoke stack, its wheels revolving furiously at 70 m.p.h. in useless efforts to free itself, was chained to the biggest test bench in the world. Standing on the line 15 ft. in front of the swaying, thundering eighty-five ton mass, I asked myself with an involuntary shudder what would happen if it burst its bonds and launched out at me—at 102 ft. a second.

The *Cock o' the North* is not merely the "fastest, biggest, and most 'superlative'" engine in the world, she is the steam engine's supreme challenge to the Diesel engine. Now in ordinary main-line running conditions the range of observations possible is so limited that all sorts of stresses and strains which play their rôle in the efficiency, economical working, and life of an engine cannot be observed. Yet these unobserved weaknesses exist and must be removed. The Swindon test bench cannot deal with more than 500 h.p., but the *Cock o' the North* has already developed over 2,000 h.p. on the track in England, and that is why she has gone to Vitry, where it is expected that she will develop over 3,000 h.p. in minutely observed laboratory conditions.

At Vitry her maximum speed (which she will probably never be able to attain on any track), her consumption of coal and water at speeds varying from 10 m.p.h. to whatever maximum she reaches, her maximum development of horse power, and the efficiency of valves and cylinders under different pressures of work will be recorded.

What happens at Vitry? A railway line takes the engine on to the bench; the line is then lowered and the engine's wheels repose exactly on the tops of a series of rollers. The engine is attached to a steel draw-bar linked to hydraulic cylinders which record its pulling power. By braking the bench rollers the load pulled by the engine can be regulated at will. The brakes are paddles revolving in water chambers, each capable of dissipating 1,200 h.p. In a chart house behind, sensitive needles plot in different coloured inks, the speed, distance covered, horse-power developed, and load pulled. Finally the engine's smoke is collected and taken by pipes to a laboratory where it is analysed.

Jossleyn Hennessy

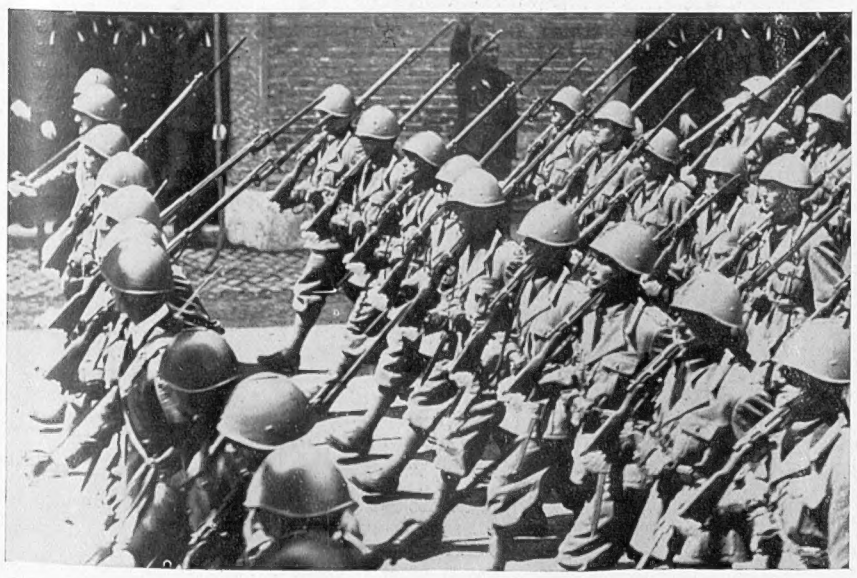
MAINTAINERS OF LAW AND ORDER

The International Force Sets Out for the Saar

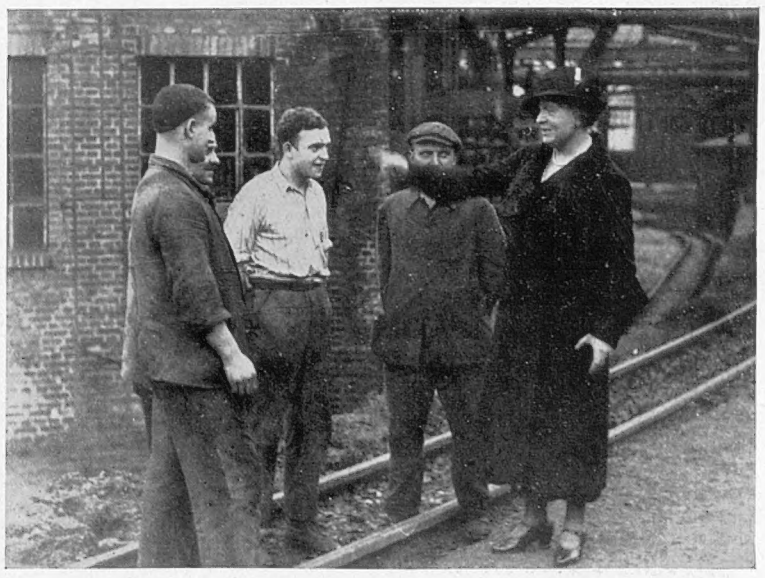
TO SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE LAND OF THE LEAGUE: Men of the 46th Company of the Royal Army Service Corps parading at Shorncliffe Camp, Folkestone, before starting for the Saar. They were among the first British troops to leave, and this week have been making the 350-mile journey from Calais to Saarbrücken by road—crossing on their way the old Somme battle-ground

THE G.O.C.: Major-General J. E. S. Brind, who is in command of the Saar International Force, comprising British, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish troops, seen as he was about to leave London

ELABORATE PREPARATIONS: *Left*—Members of the 1st Division, Royal Corps of Signals, with their wireless-equipped cars at Aldershot prior to their departure. During the plebiscite on January 13, when tension in the Saar will be at its height, they will play an important part in keeping headquarters in touch with what is taking place throughout the territory. *Right*—One of the thousands of ballot boxes in which Saarlanders will place their voting papers, stating whether they wish to be re-united with France or Germany, or to remain as they are under the ægis of the League of Nations



MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT, which includes two battalions of a Grenadier Regiment and one battalion of Carabinieri, parading at their barracks in Rome before entraining for the Saar where they are joining the International Force. They are under the command of Brigadier-General Visconti Prasca



COUNTESS VON SIERSTRORPFF, a director of the Neunkirchen Iron and Steel Works, chatting with some of the workpeople. It was there, in February of last year, that a giant gasometer blew up—laying a large part of the town in ruins and causing the loss of over one hundred lives

THE NEW LEADER: Mrs. Seton-Challen (third from left) seen after she had been enthroned in the Temple of the Mother Lodge at St Ermin's, Westminster, as the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of the Honourable Fraternity of Ancient Freemasons—the only masonic organization instituted by women for women

WOMEN IN FREEMASONRY

Growing Interest in the Craft

INDIVIDUAL women have always played a great part in masonic history. Throughout the ages great women masons can be found. Yet it was not until the advent of this century that an all-women's masonic organization was started in this country.

Thanks to the effort of the late Mrs. Boswell-Reid, a direct descendant of Mr. Boswell of Samuel Johnson fame, the Honourable Fraternity of Ancient Freemasons was started twenty-two years ago.

Under her leadership as grand master, the Fraternity not only took root, but grew and grew to its present dimensions.

To-day, this Fraternity can boast of a huge membership with brothers all over the country, overseas and in every walk of life; titled women, professional and business women, representatives of the Arts and Sciences and the housewife.

The order is unique in masonic history because it is the only masonic order which is organized and run entirely by women for women; no man, mason or otherwise, can be admitted, nor is any man allowed to visit the lodges or have anything to do with its administration.

The order is modelled on identically the same lines as the United Grand Lodge of England, and has the same constitutions, though it is not *officially* recognized by them.

The fraternity has the same secrets and carries out the same ritual and ceremonies as the men and wears the same regalia.

It works the three craft degrees—the Holy Royal Arch, Mark Masonry, and the Rose Croix.

The fraternity publishes its own masonic journal, called *The Woman Freemason;* it also has a masonic library and a great deal of charitable work is carried out in an unostentatious manner.

A few days ago the fraternity celebrated one of the most important events in its history, the enthronement of the new grand master, Mrs. Seton-Challen, who until then was the right worshipful deputy grand master, a daughter of the late Mrs. Boswell-Reid and also a founder of the Order. The ceremony, which appealed to both eye and heart, was celebrated in the masonic temple, St. Ermin's, Westminster, in the presence of the officers and members of the grand lodge of the fraternity and of the officers of the many lodges working under its jurisdiction.

It was a picturesque and brilliant assembly: all the women were in full evening dress, with sparkling jewels, and wearing either royal blue and gold or pale blue and silver regalia according to rank.

Mrs. Seton-Challen was dressed in a white satin gown and wore a gold cloak with a long train. It was embossed with roses and acacia, trimmed with ermine and lined with royal blue satin. Her regalia was of royal blue and gold, an exact replica of that worn by the Duke of Connaught.

As she walked from the room to the temple she was preceded by the Grand Director of Ceremonies, and Sword Bearer, and the Heralds at various intervals proclaimed her arrival; this colourful procedure lasted over three hours, and was of course carried out behind locked and tyled doors, and embraced much traditional history and procedure.

She was proclaimed in the temple as:

The Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the Rose Croix of H.R.D.M.

The Most Excellent Supreme Grand Z of the Holy Royal Arch.

The Most Worshipful the Grand Master of Mark Masonry, to be—

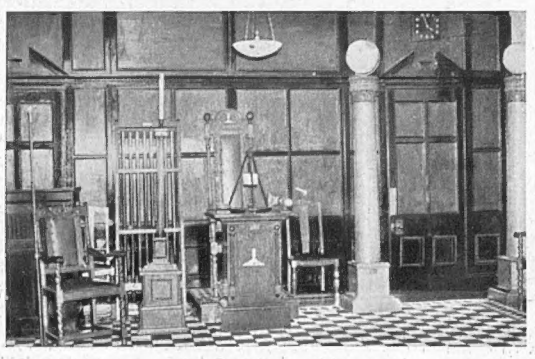
The most Worshipful the Grand Master of the Honourable Fraternity of Ancient Freemasons.

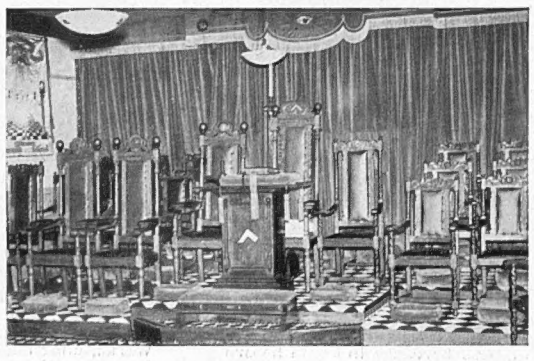
After her own Enthronement she invested her Grand Lodge Officers.

Later, a reception was held at 16, Bruton Street, Mayfair, where many more hundreds of women came to pay their respects and esteem to their new Grand Master, and she was presented with many beautiful baskets and bouquets of flowers from the various Lodges.

It is not expensive to become a Woman Freemason, but great care is taken as to the bona fides of the Candidates: the most meticulous care is taken to maintain the prestige of the Craft so honourably established in this country.

Elsie Anderson





WHERE NO MAN MAY ENTER: Two views of the interior of one of the Lodges for women Freemasons

HER MAJESTY GOES SHOPPING

A Word Picture

Half-way up Bond Street, a comfortable green limousine pulls up behind a taxi and a bus, to wait its turn in the heavy Christmas traffic. Inside, a tall, silver-haired lady sits waiting patiently.

It is a sight you may see almost any day just now, but few among the crowds of Christmas shoppers recognize the lady in the car as the Queen, also shopping for Christmas. Though the bulk of her shopping is done, and many of her presents are already packed and waiting dispatch, the Queen sets aside two hours every day, when official engagements permit, for a fortnight before Christmas for "extra" shopping. She likes to enter into the happy atmosphere of the Christmas crowds, all intent on buying pleasure for others, and for this reason; Her Majesty makes it a rule that no ceremony shall be observed in connection with her expeditions in search of gifts. She thoroughly enjoys the bustle of the gifts departments in the great stores, where she goes like anyone else in search of "something new" to give. She refuses to have traffic cleared for her, preferring to take her turn with the crowds, and no distinguishing badges are allowed on her private car; its number, A 3179, has no special significance for the traffic policeman.

With an awe-inspiring list of more than a thousand personal presents to give, the Queen's Christmas shopping is something of a formidable ordeal; she begins every year in February, when she goes to the British Industries Fair, and goes on buying gifts all through the year. But for the Queen shopping is a positive pleasure, especially when she is buying something for other people. All over the West End, among tradesmen who hold the Royal Warrant, the Queen is known as the ideal customer. She never wastes time: but she knows what she wants to buy, and will take any trouble to see that she gets it.

When members of the Royal Family go shopping, they rarely carry ready money with them. Nearly always their purchases are sent to one of the palaces, and bills are settled later by officials of the Privy Purse Department, in the case of the Queen, or by the Comptrollers of the Households in the cases of the Royal Princes and Princesses. It is recorded on one occasion, however, that the Queen, wishing to pay cash for an article which she wanted to take away with her, turned to her lady-in-waiting with a request for a loan. But the lady-in-waiting had no money with her either, and it was the Queen's detective—the Scotland Yard officer who accompanies Her Majesty wherever she goes—who eventually came to the rescue.

Two members of the Royal Family who delight to pay for their purchases themselves are the young Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of York. For some time past they have each had their own savings bank account, and, early in December, they draw out money to buy "secret" presents for their mother and father. They go out on their adventure alone with their nurse, who helps them to choose their gifts. The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, all do their Christmas shopping in person, without ostentation or fuss. When the Queen decides to visit a shop, a telephone warning is sent half-an-hour before to prepare the manager, but with other members of the Royal Family, even this is omitted. They like to stroll in casually and unannounced, examine the goods, make their choice, and depart, often before even the assistant serving them has recognized her customers.

Only the King never goes shopping in person. Obviously, the exigencies of Court etiquette make it impracticable for His Majesty to visit a shop without disorganizing normal business, which is the last thing that royalties want to do. The King either sends a deputy or orders a selection of goods to be sent to Buckingham Palace. His deputy is usually Mr. R. Howlett, tall, good humoured and smiling, who has been the King's valet for a great many years. He knows the King's tastes better than anyone, and rarely makes a mistake.

For members of his own Household, the King adopts the modern idea of allowing each to choose his own present, and the Queen uses the same method for her ladies.

This year there is an added thrill for the last-day shoppers. The Duke and Duchess of Kent, when their honeymoon at Trent Park is over, are coming to Buckingham Palace for two days' intensive shopping just before the holiday.

HOME EVENTS

JACK ASHORE: Members of the crew of the 42,000-ton battle-cruiser *Hood* marching out of Portsmouth Dockyard at the start of their fourteen days' holiday. Half the Fleet has Christmas at home and the other half has leave for the New Year

A DISASTROUS END TO AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT: About 180 children who with their parents were attending a Christmas concert at St. Clement's Church of England School, Liverpool, were trapped in the wreckage on Wednesday of last week, when the floor of the hall in which they were sitting gave way. There was one death, and thirty-one of those involved were detained in various hospitals—a few of them in a serious condition. *Left*—The scene in the hall on the morning after the accident. *Right*—Some of the children who were present at the concert, but escaped without injury. Albert Worthington, the tall boy in the centre of the group, played a big part in the work of rescue

15,000 APPLICANTS FOR 200 JOBS: Following the announcement by Mr. Hore Belisha that he was proposing to engage a staff of about 200 to test those wishing to take out driving licences, over 15,000 people have offered their services as examiners. *Left*—Dealing with some of the many letters of application. *Right*—Candidates lining up at the Ministry of Transport. The appointments will be made soon after Christmas and the examiners, some of whom will be women, are to receive salaries varying between £200 and £256 a year. They will be stationed in all the principal towns in the country, and it is probable that they will begin work early in April

BUILDING A STREET OF MODERN SHOPS IN BURLINGTON HOUSE for the display of fabrics, furniture, ceramics, glassware, etc., at the R.A. Exhibition of Contemporary British Art in Industry which is to be opened by the Prince of Wales on January 4

MEMBERS OF THE DISPLAY COMMITTEE planning the arrangement of the Dress Materials Section in one of the galleries of the Academy

PART OF THE £10,000 ALTERATION SCHEME AT THE R.A.: Covering the walls with three-ply wood; one of the many innovations that will, temporarily, render the familiar galleries almost unrecognisable

BUILDING A WHITE CITY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Elaborate Preparations for the Forthcoming Exhibition of Contemporary British Art in Industry

Have you ever attended a cocktail party in a cathedral? Most probably not; but you may perhaps be able to imagine the feeling that would be associated with such an occasion. That was my first reaction to the Winter Exhibition of British Art in Industry.

Looking about one at the glittering array of stainless steel, the geometrical designs in furniture, and the audacious treatment of such homely, traditional subjects as cooking stoves and kettles, one can almost hear the murmur of indignant academical voices talking of desecration and sabotage. Truly, there is little enough visible of the Burlington House we know, and scarcely anything of the stately Venuses and priceless canvases familiar to the regular visitor. Actually there has been built inside Burlington House another and—dare I say?—brighter Academy, the reconstruction work alone having cost, I understand, about £10,000. The consulting architects for this work are Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and Mr. A. J. Davis, A.R.A., while other architects have been responsible for the "setting" for the various groups of exhibits.

Unless you are an incorrigible diehard, a visit to this exhibition should be a great opportunity and a fascinating experience. Here the visitor will see the happy fruit of a real liaison between art and industry. The knowledge that this show has been organized by two Royal Societies, contributed to by some of the leading lights in contemporary art, and staged with the co-operation of prominent manufacturing concerns encourages one to believe that this is not merely to be one more addition to the side-shows of London, but the cradle of a progressive movement of which British manufacturers would be wise to take advantage.

One thing that is certain is that it will bring to the fore some designers who are, as yet, comparatively unknown. In particular, I believe it will focus attention on the work of women designers. Two salient impressions with which one emerges from a preliminary view are the preponderance of metal and metallic effects and the strength of feminine influence in this relatively new field of art.

As one instance of the latter one may cite a dinner service designed by Susie Cooper. Without the slightest approach to the bizarre a completely new and refreshing effect has been achieved in the general lines and treatment of the pieces; but what will most attract the attention of women visitors is the tureen lid. The handle is merged into the dome-shaped line of the lid and there is a slightly flattened portion at the apex, which not only achieves a pleasing effect but has the utilitarian justification that it enables the lid to be taken off the tureen and laid on its back without any fear that it will roll about.

Equally in many other departments of work the women have shown that they can vie with the best of the men. There are a very striking necklace and bracelet in silver gilt, designed by Anna Zinkeisen and Katherine Cockerel, which are sure to command admiration in the jewellery section; and a blue-and-grey Wessex hand-tufted rug with a modern geometrical feeling by Shirley Pearce among the noteworthy exhibits contributed by women.

It would require a complete issue of THE SPHERE to deal even sketchily with the exhibits as a whole. Consider the scope of this remarkable exhibition. It has rooms devoted to dress materials, book production, furniture of every kind, and furnishing fabrics, ceramics, glassware, plastics, window displays, commercial printing, and, of course, domestic equipment.

There are many new synthetic materials. One of these is a moulded product, transparent as glass but unbreakable, which looks like white amber. It is called "resin M," and would appear to have almost illimitable possibilities, especially in the packing of beauty preparations. In the central hall two enormous urns catch the eye; these are of a new material known as hard paste porcelain, and they have been made by a firm who previously manufactured nothing but insulators.

One important feature of the exhibition—perhaps the most important of all—is that it is not a display of rare and expensive specimens but of articles in everyday use, many of which can, by mass production, be produced to sell at prices within the reach of every purse.

It will certainly not be the fault of anyone associated with this exhibition if it does not mark the beginning of a new and eminently-to-be-desired trend in the production of British industrial wares.

W. L. Clifford.

DECEMBER'S CANDID MANTLE: A peasant tramping home over the snow-covered heights near St. Anton am Arlberg, Tirol

WINTER COMES *to the* ALPS

JACK FROST'S SPEARS

Icicles glistening in the sunlight transform some of the Alpine slopes into a glittering fairyland

When the far distant hut is reached the weary mountaineers make preparations for their night's rest

HALF-WAY HOUSE

b

CHRISTMAS in JAPAN

An Eastern Land that has Adopted a Christian Festival

GUESTS OF THE PRESS: Girls of Japan, dressed in the fashions of the West, dance round a Christmas tree at a party given by the proprietors of a leading Tokyo newspaper

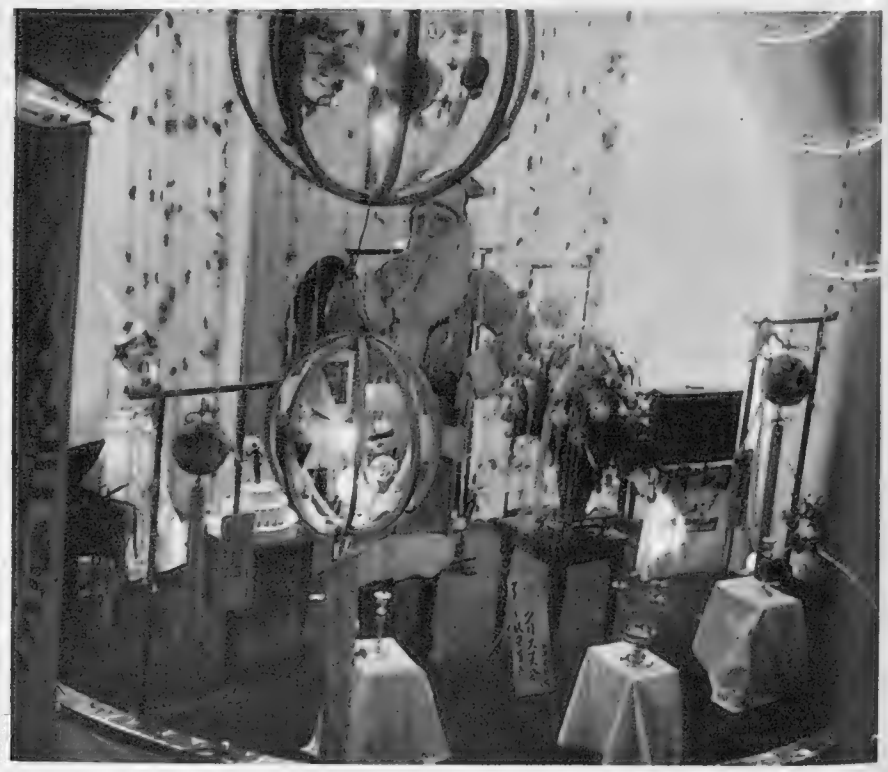
ATTRACTING CHRISTMAS CUSTOM: The window of an outfitter's shop arranged to draw the special attention of passers-by. Note the wax model in a faultlessly cut suit of evening clothes

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

School-children giving their end-of-term play before "breaking-up" for the Christmas holidays

A SEASONABLE DISPLAY

The central hall of one of the leading Tokyo departmental stores gaily decorated during Christmas week, when, as in England, business is at its best



The musicians' platform, where the figure of Santa Claus dominates the decorative scheme

IN A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

IN THE MONASTERY OF THE HOLY MARTYR, ST. PANTEILEMON, ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT ATHOS: Ringing the giant bell on Christmas Day to call the monks to prayer. A picture taken in one of the oldest and most famous religious houses of the Russian Orthodox Church

CROWNED WITH CANDLES: A Swedish girl dressed to represent Saint Lucia who in Sweden is regarded as the herald of the Christmas Festival and whose "Day" is always elaborately celebrated

WALL STREET EN FETE: A military band playing at the foot of a community Christmas tree put up outside the New York Stock Exchange

HOLLYWOOD HAS A "BRIGHT" IDEA: A lamp standard designed to represent a Christmas tree; one of many placed at regular intervals along the boulevards in the film colony

SIGNING THEM UP FOR THE CIRCUS

The Many Difficulties which Mr. Bertram Mills and his Sons have to Overcome in their Efforts to Obtain the World's Most Outstanding Performers for their Christmas Show at Olympia

By CHARLES GRAVES

A STAR TURN: One of the Hagenbeck tigers leaps over its trainer's head

Once again Bertram Mills and his two sons have brought to Olympia Circus acts of almost every nationality and from all over the world. We all have often read of the literally tens of thousands of miles which they have to cover while scouting for talent. But for the first time, the other day, I had the opportunity of finding out the story of how they signed up the various star turns.

Some put their name on the dotted line at 3 a.m. in American railway stations, others were signed up under the swinging oil lamps of a travelling caravan in the Saar, others were engaged after frantic telephone calls from London to Madrid, from Madrid to Rome, and back again to Gresford where the tented show had its headquarters at the time; other contracts were made in empty circuses in Denmark, Germany, and Holland; head waiters, stable boys, railway guards, and night porters were called in to witness the signatures.

Each year the Mills family are interested in thirty or forty different circus acts which at any given moment will be spread throughout the world. They are particularly interested in about a dozen star turns. The rest have been recommended by their agents who are stationed in every capital in Europe. Apart from the regular visits to America and Canada that are made necessary in the endless search for talent, the Continent has to be combed from Stockholm to Madrid, and eastwards to Warsaw.

Actually Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and Warsaw are the most likely places in which to find new turns that have not yet been seen at Olympia. It was Bertram Mills who signed up Althoff and his Elephants. He arrived at Saarbrücken on the day of the national election confirming Hitler as President of Germany. He had found his way there by flying from Zurich by way of Basle. On his arrival he discovered that the elephants had moved on, and it took the police as well as the Post Office some little time before they traced them to a village twenty miles away. Finally, having seen the show, Bertram Mills signed up the act in the caravan. Having completed it, he was driven back to Saarbrücken. With him went a girl wrapped in blankets. She was one of the acts who unknown to him had been specially brought out of hospital to perform before Bertram Mills and was on her way back to her cot.

SPECTACULAR CHINESE ACROBATS: The Lai Foun Troupe from Hong Kong who are making their first appearance in England

Adriana and Charlot were one of three turns booked by Cyril Mills at breakfast time in the lobby of the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, the others being Tamara Somba-Hamida and Blumenfeld—a new combined aerial act—and the Three Raspinis. Cyril had arrived by air at 11 a.m., took the train to Stettin to see a circus matinée, returned to Berlin, went from the Winter Garden to the Scala three times in the course of the two performances, and at breakfast time next morning signed up these three acts. Meantime, he had been told by his agent that Kling's Chimpanzees were a very good turn but could not be found, though they were somewhere in Berlin. Ultimately they were located in a private house in the suburbs, and Cyril saw the turn in a Baby Austin garage. It was difficult, though, to decide how good they would be in a circus and so he put off his decision until two days later in Copenhagen, where he flew to see them perform in Schumann's Circus. There hundreds of miles away the contract was signed on a box in one of the property rooms, with a circus hand to witness the signature.

"CLOWNS IN CLOVER": The four Bronetts, a highly-paid and always popular quartette, who are appearing at Olympia again this year

In order to book the Loyal Repenski Troupe, Bertram Mills had to drive in a twelve-cylinder taxi-cab from Toronto to Buffalo in a trifle over two hours before catching the 3 a.m. train to New York, where he saw this and six other turns in four hours before catching the *Europa* that night to England. That goes for the Loyal Sisters too, who are part of the same act. It is interesting that the Repenski Troupe include thirteen men and six horses, and have to have their fares paid all the way from Montana to England and back.

The Flying Concellos were booked three years ago for this year's Circus by Cyril Mills in a railway station near Kansas City at 2 a.m. It was a broiling hot night, and the contract was signed just as the circus train was being loaded up. To capture the Slatanachs—a cycling act—Cyril had to fly to the Tivoli Garden in Copenhagen and see a special show at 8 a.m. The contract was signed over a glass of beer under a plane tree. On the same trip he also booked Alberti. He is a Swiss and was on holiday at the time. Unfortunately, his swinging mast, which is the central feature of his act, had been left behind in Stockholm. This had to be telephoned for and put on the train so that Cyril could see it before flying off to the Continent. While it was reaching him by rail he motored to the other side of Denmark to Odensee to see the Six Maschinos. On arrival he found that the turn did not come on till 3 a.m. It was then five in the afternoon and he had to catch the 4 a.m. train back to the capital to see Alberti's act. After the performance he got hold of the head of the troupe and the two of them walked the three miles to the railway station discussing the contract as they passed through the empty moonlit streets. They reached an agreement halfway, and at the station Cyril pulled out the contract, placed it on the Maschino's back and signed his name; then leant over himself while Maschino did the same. An astonished guard acted as witness.

THE LOYAL REPENSKIS: A troupe of daring riders from Montana whom Mr. Bertram Mills booked up for his Christmas Circus during a recent flying visit to America

The Lai Foun Chinese were also booked on this same hectic trip in Schumann's Circus in Copenhagen, where Alberti, aided by six of Schumann's men, erected his aerial mast at 4 a.m. the next morning and satisfied Cyril that his act had to be seen at Olympia. It was not, however, until 5.30 a.m. in the hotel lobby that they could come to terms, which were witnessed by the concierge. Cyril only had time to go upstairs and have a wash and shave before catching the 8 a.m. aeroplane back to London.

Louise Stephenson is an English act and was signed on in the usual way. The Four Bronetts—old favourites—were booked at Gothenburg in an open-air beer garden over a midnight glass of lager. Olivedo Perez was booked through the New York agent after Bernard Mills had seen him in Buffalo. The Frank Jackson Troupe were only located after great difficulties by Cyril Mills in a village three hours by omnibus from the small Dutch town of Shertogenbosch. The contract was ultimately signed over brandies and coffees in the local restaurant kept specially open after 2 a.m., with the wine waiter's signature as witness.

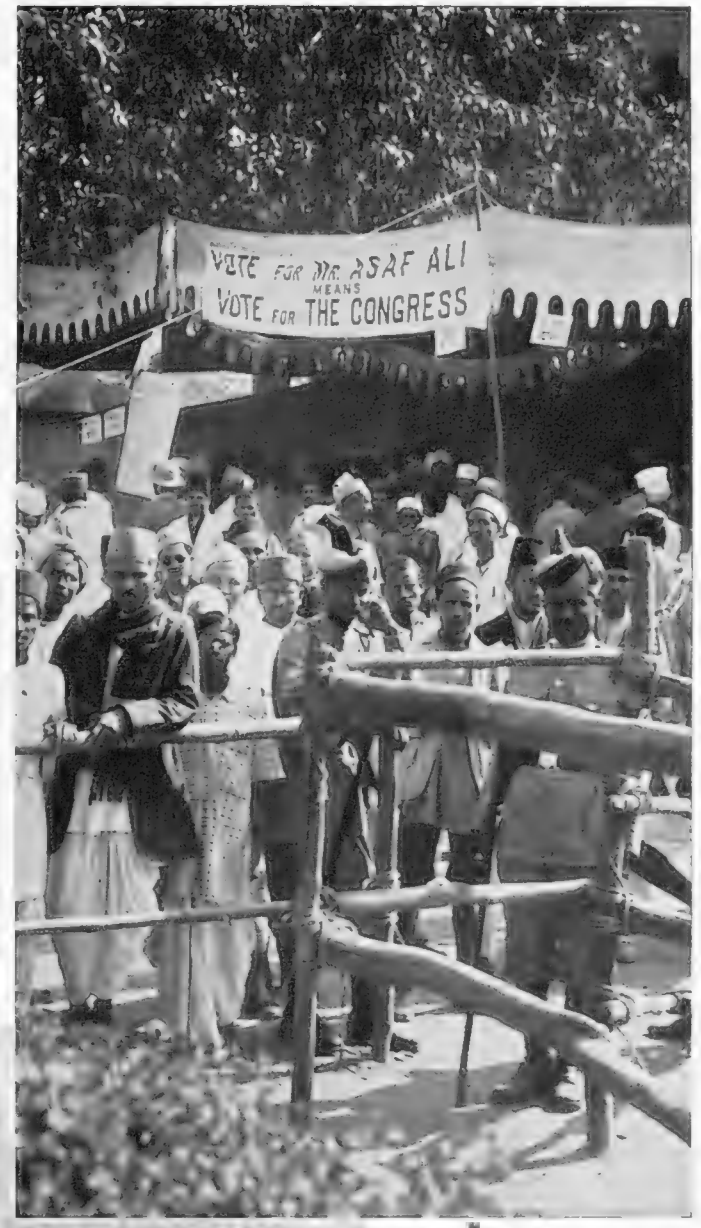
Bertram Mills was responsible for booking the Los Aseveras. He missed them in Spain on his way to Corunna owing to the Spanish troubles, and ultimately signed them up at Lille, having meantime missed them again in Paris. To reach Lille at the psychological moment he had to fly there by way of Amsterdam and Brussels, being at the moment on an aerial round trip of Europe, during the course of which he covered 3,000 miles in his week's search for new acts. The contract was actually signed after lunch in a portable wooden

(Continued on p. 508)

A "SPHERE" SURVEY

News from Three Continents

INDIAN LABOUR LEADERS IN CONFERENCE: Some of the delegates who met in Madras recently under the Presidency of Mr. Jamnadas Mehta, President of the All India Railwaymen's Federation



A POLITICAL LANDSLIDE: Voters outside the Town Hall at Delhi during the polling in the recent Indian Legislative Assembly elections in which Congress, the party of the extreme left, gained many seats from the Liberal candidates

UNREST AMONG THE STUDENTS: The crowd on the Campus of the City of New York College after members of the university had gone on strike as a protest against the expulsion of twenty of their number. During the day someone replaced the Stars and Stripes on the flagpole with a big blue banner bearing the word "Strike," afterwards cutting the halyards and greasing the lower end of the pole. In the evening a giant bonfire was lit, and an effigy of the President of the College was burnt to the accompaniment of resounding cheers

ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN KHARTUM: The animated scene on one of the hard tennis courts in the grounds of the Grand Hotel, where the Caledonian Society gave a dinner at which H.E. Sir Stewart Symes, Governor of the Sudan, was the guest of honour

A MIMIC BATTLE IN THE NORTHERN KANTO DISTRICT OF JAPAN: Members of a machine-gun corps, camouflaged with foliage from a nearby wood, guarding the bridge near Teraoka village during the annual military exercises held in the presence of the Emperor

"THE HU

Pictures Taken
Film Dealing
Bid for Power

"VIVE L'EMPEREUR": Marshal Ney's troops, a formidable force of over 6,000 men, sent to capture Napoleon as he was marching through France, after crossing from Elba, desert the cause of King Louis XVIII and decide to rejoin their old leader. A thrilling moment in the film, which is being made entirely on Elba and the scenario for which has been jointly written by Signor Mussolini and the well-known writer, Giovacchino Forzano. An Italian and a German version are being produced at the same time, Werner Krauss playing the leading part in the German film and Corrido Racca the leading part in the Italian

SIESTA: Werner Krauss, tired after a hard morning's work on the "set," goes to sleep in his car while waiting for the afternoon session to begin. He gives a brilliant interpretation of the character of the Emperor, and his own personality is said to dominate the picture from start to finish

STRIVING FOR PERFECTION: Contrary to prevailing practise in the film world every thing possible is being done by the producers to adhere to facts and to make "The Hundred Days" historically accurate in every detail. The director and one of his associates are shown here consulting a reference book before "shooting" a scene

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NDRED DAYS"

uring the Making of a New ith Napoleon's Last Dramatic ollowing his Escape from Elba

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: The scene at Porto Ferrajo, Elba, on February 26, 1815, as the Emperor's meagre army of 1,000 faithful adherents set out to "re-conquer Europe." At the time the English and French gunboats, which were supposed to be keeping watch over the island, were temporarily absent

A FOND FAREWELL: Letizia Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon, who shared his exile on Elba and was privy to his plans of escape, taking leave of the Emperor just before his departure for the mainland. Historians tell us that she was never equal to the part she was called upon to play in public life, and in the film she is shown as a simple Corsican whose only interest is her son

"THE MAN OF DESTINY GOES TO MEET HIS WATERLOO": Napoleon (Werner Krauss) marching through southern France at the head of his ever-swelling army which, except in Royalist Provence, everywhere received a welcome which attested the attractive power of his personality and the nullity of the Bourbons

'TWIXT FRIEND AND FOE: A vital moment during the Emperor's march on Paris when he met Marshal Ney, his former cavalry leader, who had sworn to bring him back to the French capital in an iron cage. Ney finally decided to rejoin his old master, only to fight gallantly but vainly at Waterloo

GIOVACCHINO FORZANO, part writer of the scenario of the film and one of the directors, looks through the camera

BUILDING OPERATIONS AT THE NEW DOVER DOCK which will be completed by the end of next year and opened for traffic in 1936. The ferry steamers will enter the basin, which is to be enclosed by gates, and water will be pumped in or out, according to the state of the tides, to bring the decks of the vessels level with the quayside—thus making it possible for trains to be run aboard without disturbing the passengers

A GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING: Two more views showing work in progress on the construction of the dock. In the right hand picture a crane can be seen putting a heavy block of concrete into place at the end of the wall

THE COMFORTABLE WAY TO THE CONTINENT: *Left*—A stern view of the *Twickenham Ferry* and the *Hampton Ferry*, the two ferry steamers for the Dover–Dunkerque service, which have been built on the Tyne by Messrs. Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson. They have a speed of 15 knots, a length of 360 ft., and can each accommodate twelve sleeping coaches or forty loaded goods wagons. *Right*—The bows of the S.S. *Twickenham Ferry*

THE CROSS-CHANNEL TRAIN FERRY

A New and Important Development in Luxury Travel Between London and Paris

By CYRIL GRIXONI, A.M.I.C.E.

The Cross-Channel Ferry Dock at Dover, which was started this year, will be completed at the end of 1935. Its opening in the spring of 1936 will mark the occasion of a step forward unparalleled in cross-channel travel. When it is realized that in the near future a sleeping-car express may leave Victoria at midnight and arrive at Paris in time for breakfast the next morning without disturbance to the travellers, the value of this dock at once becomes apparent.

Opposite the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover, so familiar to cross-channel travellers, can be seen a mass of concrete rapidly shaping into a dock which will be independent of the tides, which have a variation of some 10 to 20 ft. The contractors, Messrs. Nuttall and Mowlem, will be responsible for building a basin to receive *at any state of the tide* the newly-constructed ferry steamers.

These steamers will enter the dock on arrival and be enclosed therein by means of gates. They will then automatically be brought to the requisite deck level by means of pumps, so that trains will be run directly from land to vessel without disturbance to those sleeping in the berths. The trains will then be conveyed to Dunkerque and unshipped to continue their journey to Paris. Travellers by motor car will be able to drive direct into a spacious garage on the steamer above the train deck without having to empty their petrol tanks and gaze frantically at their charge being hoisted precariously on board by cranes.

The arrangements at the dock will be such that cars will climb up a short ramp directly on board, travellers then proceeding to lounges provided for their comfort.

The idea was conceived primarily in order to offer direct passage for passengers and freight without intermediate handling of the latter by cranes and consequent risk of damage. As is well-known by cross-channel passengers the elimination of delay and inconvenience caused by transferring oneself and one's baggage from train to steamer and, after crossing the Channel, again from steamer to train, will promote that greater comfort and expedition for which one has hoped ever since the conception of the Channel Tunnel idea.

The construction of a dock would be useless without suitable ships to serve it. Hence a few words of description of the ferry steamers which are being built for the purpose. These sea-going vessels of some 2,840 gross tonnage are being built by the well-known firm of Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson on the Tyne. Two of these are already completed. They are primarily ferries designed to carry trains of either goods or passengers without the necessity of craning at either port, but have been described as sea-going vessels, because the new ships will have splendid promenade decks and saloon and cabin accommodation for passengers. These ships have been named after three famous Thames ferries, Twickenham Ferry, Hampton Ferry, and Shepperton Ferry. Each will be over 60 ft. in width and will thus accommodate a train of twelve sleeping carriages or alternatively forty loaded goods wagons. The extreme length of the vessels being 360 ft. (a figure restricted by the harbour conditions of the Channel ports), four lines of rails will be distributed over the greater part of the train space provided. At the stern these four lines converge to two tracks from which trains will traverse a short drawbridge to the shore at the end of the dock.

The speed of the vessels will be 15 knots. The T.S.S. *Twickenham Ferry* has actually already passed satisfactorily its trials and arrived at Dover in the summer.

It has been stated that this ferry service will operate for the London–Paris traveller, but it is evident that for freight it offers advantages to transportation from limits beyond these two cities. Oranges will form a very large proportion of the freight carried without the necessity for craning at ports with consignment delay and risk of damage to such perishable goods as these.

The future alone will reveal the advantages resulting from these additional ferry facilities, and although they are not intended to displace the existing Dover-Calais route they will undoubtedly relieve the older passage of considerable traffic in view of the expedition and comfort which they will offer.

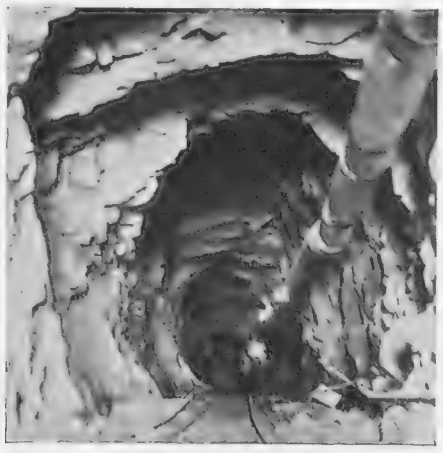
NEARLY TWICE AS HIGH AS ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: The steel framework of one of the 728 ft. towers which will support one of the main spans. The work of construction on the twin bridges began in February last year and it is scheduled to be completed in 1937. The total cost is estimated at approximately £6,000,000

BRIDGING SAN FRANCISCO BAY

The First Stages of a Mighty Engineering Project

A GIANT COMPRESSED-AIR FLOTATION CAISSON of reinforced concrete and steel, claimed to be the largest of its kind that has ever been built, which will provide the anchorage for the central pier of one of the twin suspension bridges being erected across San Francisco Bay

PUNY MAN'S COLOSSAL ACHIEVEMENT: An overhead view of the giant caisson taken during the work of gradually filling it with concrete in order to drive it down 210 feet, by its own deadweight, into the bed of the bay



BORED THROUGH SOLID ROCK: The tunnel which is being made on Goat Island (officially called Yerba Buena Island) and which will carry the roadway linking the bridges. It will be wide enough for two lines of traffic

WHAT THE BAY WILL LOOK LIKE IN 1937: A composite picture showing how the two bridges will connect up with Goat Island. Towering in the foreground are the skyscrapers of San Francisco, and on the opposite shore are the three cities of Berkeley, Oakland, and Piedmont

THE FOREIGN MINISTER ENTERTAINS: A picture taken during the presentation of an open-air play at a recent garden party given by Mr. Hsieh Chieh-shih in honour of distinguished foreign residents in Hsinking, the Manchukuan capital. In accordance with tradition the part of the heroine was played by a man. The only member of the Diplomatic Corps present at the function was General Hashikari of Japan; the reason for this being that no other country, except San Salvador, as yet officially recognizes the "new State"

SIGNS OF PROGRESS

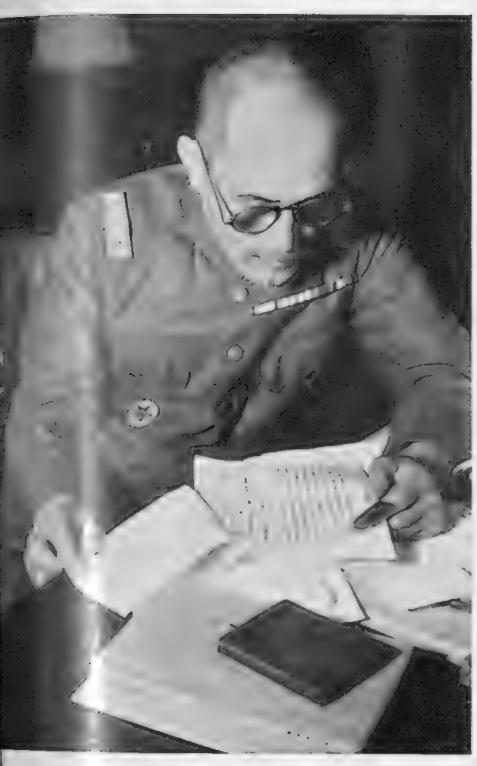
Some of the guests at the Foreign Minister's garden party and, in the background, one of Hsingking's many imposing Government buildings which have been erected during the past year

WELCOMING HIS GUESTS: The Manchukuan Foreign Minister making a speech at his garden party

O

NEWS FROM MANCHUKUO: Asia's Youngest But Most Rapidly Developing State

A VISIT BY THE EMPEROR: His Imperial Highness (centre) seen on the terrace of the residence of General Hashikari (right), the Japanese Ambassador in Hsinking, the commander-in-chief of his country's forces in Manchukuo, and the confidential adviser to the Government



HE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE: General Hashikari in his office. His two main tasks at the present moment are, in his capacity as a soldier, to wipe out banditry, and in his capacity as a diplomat, to help to direct the policy of the Manchukuan Government along the lines laid down by Japan

THE PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Cheng Hsiao-Hsu, who was at one time a high officer at the Chinese Court in Peking and whose granddaughter is the wife of the young Emperor of Manchukuo. When he came into office he appointed Japanese officials to all the more important cabinet posts and, for the most part, has left the work of developing the country to them. He has, however, introduced a number of social reforms of some importance

RIENTAL SPLENDOUR: The throne room in the Imperial Palace at Hsingking—a building formerly occupied by ths Russian Salt Monopoly Company and which was abandoned by Russia during the Japanese military campaign in Manchuria

FOR THE PRIVILEGED FEW: This sign in gilded bronze, which the police have been instructed to recognize instantly they see it, is attached to each one of the sixteen cars owned by the Emperor. It can also be used by the more important officers of the Imperial household

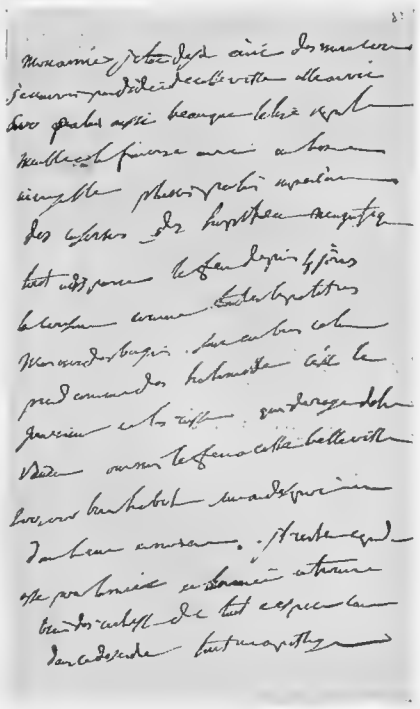
NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE

Some Remarkable and Historically Important Letters from the Emperor to his Young Austrian Wife

It has always been a matter of conjecture as to whether Napoleon really loved the wife he had married, after the divorce from Josephine, with the sole object of obtaining an heir. Historians who dealt with his private life lamented the scarcity of material. So few letters were known that a solitary one from the Emperor to Marie Louise was sold last year for £1,000. But now a collection of over 300 has unexpectedly appeared, and were offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheby on December 17. Nearly all of them are from the Emperor to his young wife, starting with the very first that he wrote to her after he had approached her father, Francis II of Austria, asking for her hand in marriage. He was just over forty and she was nineteen, and he realized that to her he must have always seemed the cruel enemy who had brought great humiliation upon her beloved country. He assures her that her charming qualities have made him desire her, and that he hopes that it was not solely her obedience to her father which made her accept him, and in any case he hopes to so care for her that one day he will prove agreeable to her. That first letter is indicative of all the others that follow—the kindliness which Napoleon showered upon his young bride.

The passionate love which he had had for Josephine was spent—he was now middle-aged and prepared to be thoughtful and good to the mother of the expected heir. These letters are a complete proof of Napoleon's feelings; they are spontaneous outpourings, written at odd moments, just when he had the time, and sometimes twice on one day. They have obviously been kept carefully, and to-day are in perfect preservation. There is something peculiarly fascinating in handling the actual letter written by some great historic personage; it seems to bring one in touch with the living being, and here are letters written during the fatal campaign in Russia, during the months in Germany preceding the defeat at Leipzig, and the early spring of 1814, when Napoleon was desperately trying to keep the Allies away from Paris.

When Napoleon entered upon the Russian campaign he was at the height of his power, with all Europe at his feet. Germany had been conquered, Italy owned his sway, even the Pope was humbled, Russia and Sweden were in alliance, only England held out, and she seemed on the verge of collapse with an insane king, a weak Government, and general financial uneasiness. The Grand Army of 600,000 men marched triumphantly eastward, Napoleon finding time to write buoyant and tender letters to his wife, thoughtful of her and the little king, telling her to be gay, and always reminding her to write to "Papa Francis," the Emperor of Austria. This last injunction was doubtless dictated by a political prompting. Austria was always an uneasy ally, and it was well to remind the Emperor of his daughter. There are over twenty letters written from Moscow, with which he was much impressed.

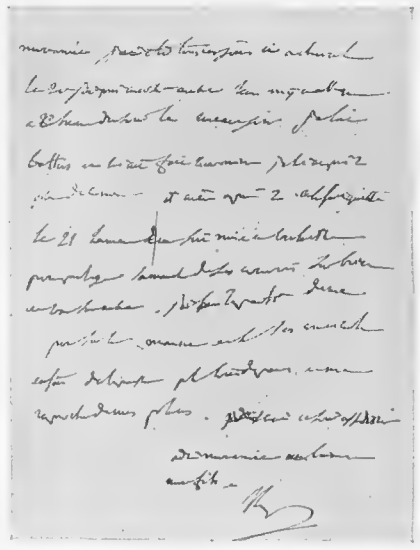


"Je n'ai pas eu d'idée de cette ville, elle avait 500 palais . . . meublés à la française . . . plusieurs palais inférieurs, des casernes, des hopitaux magnifiques; tout a disparu, le feu depuis quatre jours l'a consommée comme toutes les petites maisons de bourgeoises sont en bois, cela prend comme des allumettes. C'est le (?) Czar et le Russes qui de rage d'être vaincus ont mis le feu à cette belle ville . . . il reste cependant assez pour l'armée, et l'armée a trouvé bien des richesses de tout espèce, car dans ce désordre tout est à pillage. Cette perte est immense pour la Russie. etc. J'ai eté visiter aujourd'hui tous les quartiers . . . il ne reste que les murs des maisons, etc."

A letter written by Napoleon to Marie Louise on September 18, 1812, in which he gave interesting details of the burning of Moscow. The original manuscript was put up for auction at Sotheby's on December 17

"La ville est aussi grande que Paris . . . Je n'ai pas eu d'idée de cette ville, elle avait 500 palais . . . meublés à la française . . . plusieurs palais inférieurs, des casernes, des hopitaux magnifiques. Tout a disparu, le feu, depuis quatre jours l'a consommée comme toutes les petites maisons de bourgeoises sont en bois, cela prend comme des allumettes." On the retreat which we know was disastrous, reducing the magnificent Grand Army to a tattered fragment, Napoleon gave no hint of serious trouble but continued to write gay cheery letters to distant Marie Louise, telling her of his interest in all that she writes, of her visit to the Salon, of the all-important son and the cutting of his teeth. He always assures her that he is well, and begs her to be "gaie et contente." Some of the letters were captured by the Cossacks, and it has been suggested that Napoleon was not adverse to this, and wrote with one eye on the enemy!

The following year, 1813, was spent almost entirely in Germany, to which Napoleon had returned after gathering another army in France. He was now fighting Russia, and Prussia and Sweden, and was fearful of Austria. Marie Louise received constant letters from April to November, describing the army, and its doings, and still full of tender interest in his son, "mais c'est toi, mon amie, que j'aimerais surtout embrasser." Woven into all these kindly letters is the political thread of Austria, which was giving anxiety, wobbling in allegiance, and Napoleon uses his young wife as the medium by whom Francis could be warned against the dangers of deserting France. But in spite of the constant letters from his daughter, Francis finally joined the allies, Napoleon writing gently "ton père, trompé par Metternich, s'est mis avec mes ennemis . . ."



A MISSIVE THAT CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY: Another letter from the Emperor to his wife which was intercepted by Cossacks and taken to Blücher, who learnt from it that his way to Paris was clear. He accordingly pressed forward, effected his junction with Schwarzenberg; on March 30 Paris fell, and the Empire was at an end. After he had read it Blücher forwarded it to Marie Louise with a note of ironical politeness

What did Marie Louise think of it all? This collection of letters is one-sided. There are none from the Empress in Paris—all are from Napoleon, absent with his arms. One gathers a general impression that Marie Louise wrote frequently and that the tone of her letters was amply pleasing to her august husband, who has no complaints to make. He is pleased with everything she has done; in fact, he writes from Moscow, "tu es parfaite" . . . But there seems no doubt that Marie Louise did indeed love Napoleon while she was in France. She was of the acquiescent type, placid in temperament, obedient to her father in marrying the detested and dreaded Napoleon, and obedient to her husband when he asked for her love. She has been accused of callousness and indifference in so far that she did not apparently make much effort to see Napoleon again after his abdication at Fontainebleau. Her farewell to him had been in the

(Continued on p. 508)

A LETTER FROM PARIS

The Traffic Problems of England and France Compared

The pleasant necessity of having to make fairly frequent business visits to Paris has created the opportunity for parallel observance of the methods adopted on each side of the Channel for dealing with traffic problems.

On this occasion the interval between two visits to Paris has been longer than usual and has covered the period during which, long since inured to such common-place phenomena as "round-abouts," "one-way" streets, and automatic traffic control lights, we have learned to digest pedestrian lanes, safety zones and Belisha beacons, and are looking forward calmly to the advent in Marylebone of Super-Master-Controllers with their traffic "integrators," claiming, astoundingly enough but quite justifiably, to be able at once to enumerate vehicles as they pass over a given spot, to gauge the density of the traffic and then inform the Master-Controller, which (though surely "who" seems the more appropriate pronoun here!) obediently adjusts the time-cycle of the lights accordingly. Even these are not, strictly speaking, new to London, for the system has been working quietly and efficiently, though without Marylebone's preliminary prelude of praise, in Trafalgar Square.

With these phenomena in mind, with grateful appreciation of the new-found quiet of London nights since the silencing of the horns, and with the knowledge that "must" and "must not" have replaced "should" and "should not" in the pedestrians' and motor drivers' codes, this visit to Paris was undertaken in the confident belief that a renewal of first-hand experience of Paris traffic conditions would reveal the old comparative inferiority of that beguiling city; there was also, incidentally, the confident belief that a pound which realized only some 73 francs might unhappily prove to be a factor in limiting the period during which observations might be carried out.

The latter belief was abundantly confirmed. France has raised, rather than lowered, prices "to meet the times" and an artist friend, permanently resident in Paris, observed that it is no longer possible even to starve as well as formerly on a fixed quantity of francs.

The first belief, however, received its initial rude shock in that first drive, of perilous memories, from the Gare du Nord to the Boulevard des Capucines. In fact, Paris traffic conditions, vehicular and pedestrian alike, have improved enormously, almost miraculously.

There are still, of course, in Paris as elsewhere, the old ladies who scutter across the "obligatoire" crossings with a perfect imitation of an elderly dishevelled hen in front of a car on a country road. But on the whole the pedestrian public in Paris has definitely established its rights and displays a conscious superiority complex much to be envied by the visitor from London. Particularly admirable is the nonchalance of the older male generation of Parisians: a contemporary from this side of the Channel found himself wondering whether the secret lay in conscious knowledge of civic worth, or in the possession of a careful beard, or again in the tiny, but ever prominent, red ribbon in the button-hole, or even in the slightly-raised, minatory walking-stick.

Most surprising of all is the visible improvement in the equanimity of the Paris police and in the deference with which the Paris taxi-driver, never famed for servility, now takes his cue. Here one gets a grain of satisfaction from the recollection that France sent her police authorities across to London some years ago to see if there were anything to be learnt. Has the disciple outrun the master?

This complete co-operation is all the more surprising in face of the fact, about which there can be no two opinions, that the Paris policeman is not regarded with the same benevolent *camaraderie* as is inspired by his London colleague. No doubt the individuul *gendarme* is well-beloved and belauded within the circle of his own family and intimate friends, but it is still the case that Parisians do not worship their policemen in the mass. They will tell you, these grave and worthy *boulevardiers*, ensconced in their favourite *brasserie*, highly entertaining, if sinister, stories of the far-reaching complicity of the police in the *affaire Stavisky*, finishing with bitter comments on the recent grim tragedy at Marseilles.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Paris streets are infinitely freer to-day than a year or two ago of din and congestion and ruthlessness and repartee. But, of course, with the £ only at 73.

P. J.

FOR THE ART LOVER

Exhibitions in London and Berlin

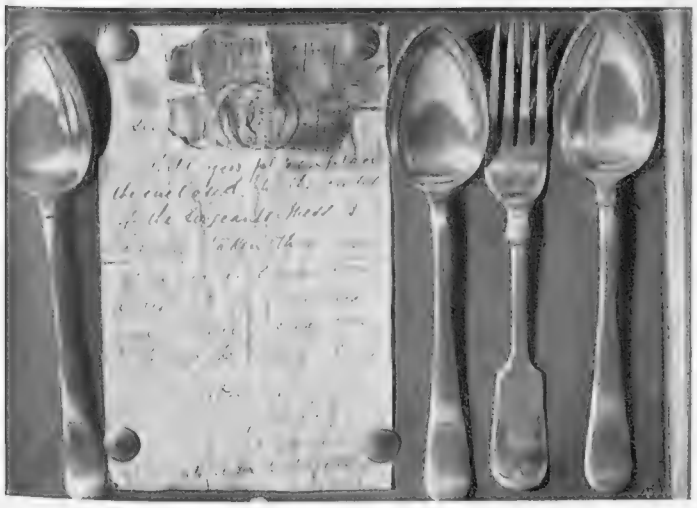
Lent by the Earl of Rothes

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: General John, Tenth Earl of Rothes and Colonel of the Scots Guards from 1752 to 1767—an outstanding picture at the Loan Exhibition depicting the history of the Scots Guards, which is being held in aid of charity at 39, Grosvenor Square, S.W.1

TREASURES OF A BYGONE AGE: Two sculptures at an exhibition entitled "The Dance in Art," which is being held at the Prinzessinnen Palace in Berlin. The figure on the left comes from Megara and dates from the year 436 B.C.; that on the right was unearthed in South Russia and belongs either to the first, second, or third century B.C.

Lent by Captain R. N. Macdonald Buchanan

"RELIEVING SENTRIES, 1798": A water-colour by R. Wymer at the Scots Guards Exhibition



"RENDERING UNTO CÆSAR . . . . .": Tableware stolen from the sergeants' mess of the Scots Guards and returned some years later by the thief with a letter stating that he was doing so as he had a desire to serve his God and have a clear conscience

Lent to the Scots Guards' Exhibition by the Marquis of Bute

JOHN, FOURTH EARL OF LOUDOUN: A canvas by Allan Ramsay, portrait painter to the Court of George III, of the military commander who was Captain-General of the Province of Virginia and in 1756 Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America. It was said of him by a Philadelphian that he "was like King George upon the signposts, always on horseback but never advancing," a summing-up of his lack of ability as a soldier, which was evidently endorsed by the Government in England, as he was recalled from service in 1757

"GIOVINAZZA": A beautifully designed life-size sculpture in bronze by the young Roumanian artist, Alexandra Balaceano which is now on view at a Christmas Exhibition at the Galleries of Messrs. J. Leger and Son, 13, Old Bond Street, London, W.1

HUNGER LENDS COURAGE: Lack of food is bringing the deer from their mountain fastnesses in north-west Scotland down to the low-lying farms. This hind was surprised by the photographer as it was feeding on the top of a hayrick near the shores of Loch More, Sutherlandshire

FLEETFOOTED CREATURES OF THE WILD

NOVEL BEASTS OF BURDEN: When the early pioneers found no horses in the New World, some adventurous spirits attempted to "break-in" the moose, but failed. Now Joe Lalonde, a farmer in the Lac Remi district of Quebec, has succeeded, and he is seen here with Jim and Kate, whom he has taught to draw a light sleigh. These grotesque-looking members of the deer family can move at tremendous speed, and their owner often lends them to Winter Sports enthusiasts for ski-joring

VANISHED LONDON

Camera Studies Made in the Last Century of Buildings which are now no more

AS IT WAS IN 1899: Rolls Court in Chancery Lane, one of many old buildings in the City which have been dealt with by the house-breaker during the present century

A DICKENSIAN SETTING: The Old Bell Tavern in Holborn, and its picturesque gallery, which was removed some years ago to make way for a more modern structure which is now sandwiched in between two wings of Messrs. Gamages' premises

IN THE 'EIGHTIES: The headquarters of the Royal Irish Distilleries in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, and, on the right of the picture, the entrance to the Savoy Grill Room. This is probably the part of London that has witnessed the most changes in recent years

FETTER LANE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL and some ancient houses which have now vanished. On the whole, however, there has not been much demolition work in this street since 1900 and it still retains not a little of its old-world character and charm

THE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE in Surrey Street, Strand (not to be confused with the Fleet Street hostelry of the same name) which was rebuilt when the street was modernized

THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH AND THE MONEY ORDER OFFICE IN ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND: The former was pulled down in the 'nineties, and the neighbourhood is now almost completely taken up with post office buildings

The World of Books

Reviews by VERNON FANE

Who among us, accustomed to the spectacle of Mr. St. John Ervine rough-and-tumbling in print, sometimes delighting us, often irritating us with a pugnacious obstinacy which ill serves the cause he is championing; who among us would suspect the unbiassed fairness, the scrupulous balance between hero-worship and its opposite, with which he handles a biography of General William Booth? The answer, I think, will be found in the broad human basis of Mr. Ervine's creative work. It is not the critic, but the author of *Jane Clegg* who has expended more than six years, written more than 400,000 words (re-writing some of them innumerable times) and forsaken work that might have brought more pecuniary gain, in the production of **GOD'S SOLDIER.** (Heinemann. 36s.)

There have been other lives of William Booth, but this one stands definitely alone; nor can there be much doubt that it will remain an integral part of the standard history of that remarkable organization, The Salvation Army.

William Booth's was a primitive creed ("he was not a theologian") and the basis of it was a fight against poverty, some of the worst phases of which he had encountered during the time he was an underpaid, overworked assistant to a pawnbroker. His concern was not so much with causes as with the alleviation of conditions as he saw them. None need be poor who turned to God. Poverty and its attendant evils were the work of Satan. Such was his organizing ability that his army of God's soldiers was to become a world-wide force.

By all the standards of his particular kind of heaven, his was the ideal marriage. Catherine Mumford was of the stuff of evangelists, and a saint. She suffered from curvature of the spine, was consumptive, bore seven children, and died of a cancer. Their meeting, courtship, and marriage form a dramatic chapter. The coincidence was that they were both of Derbyshire stock although they met in London at the house of one Edward Rabbits, what time Booth was reciting a touching and immensely long teetotal poem entitled "The Grog-seller's Dream."

As the Army grew into being, Booth could conceive of no other constitution other than that which gave him dictatorial powers, the assumption of which he set about with the same directness and simplicity as he applied to other problems of organization. He "took the world for his parish," and did not foresee that his dynastic theories would conflict with the world-wide nature of the organization he had built.

After his death Mr. Ervine's book necessarily takes a turn into controversial matters. The squabblings over the high command of the Salvation Army have become a matter for public discussion. In his character sketch Mr. Ervine succeeds as well with Bramwell as he did with his father; on the fight which went on about his death-bed, the author writes temperately and with an honest attempt to set down the facts.

I can confidently recommend this book to the general reader (those with a serious interest in religious matters will read it in any case). It is a fine biography; a subject full of drama and colour, written in transparent admiration but the strictest honesty, by an author who never knows how to be dull and who, given a subject like this, can make a reader reluctant to put the book down.

You may or may not like travel books, and Arctic exploration may be the last subject you would choose to examine, but I think I have found a book, containing these two things, which makes almost perfect reading.

WATKINS' LAST EXPEDITION, by F. Spencer Chapman (Chatto & Windus. 15s.) contains among other things an account of the tragic death of Gino Watkins upon that expedition to Greenland which is the subject of the book. The four members of the party, of which the author was one, were there for a scientific purpose, with an eye on the meteorological possibilities of a Northern Air Route.

The book makes absorbing reading, and in rendering scenes and adventures which must be outside the experience of most of his readers, the author brings them alive in simple language and with admirable honesty. There is never a moment's searching after effect, but there are straightforward descriptive passages, and above all, extracts from the writer's diaries that give one the vivid sensation of actual experience.

"Dear Mrs. Scurlock, I have been in very good company where your health, under the character of the woman I loved best, has often been drank, so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more y" I dye for you. Svt. R. Steele."

A letter from Steele to his future wife, Mistress Molly Scurlock, reproduced in Willard Connely's life of the great essayist and dramatist which has just been published by Jonathan Cape. The letter was written in a tavern on a Saturday night in August, 1707, a month before the marriage, and its author was evidently in somewhat buoyant mood. Steele, on reading over the epistle, crossed out the words "unknown name" which he had first used and substituted the word "health," evidently feeling that it was hardly gracious to label Molly as an "unknown"

In a foreword Mr. Augustine Courtauld says that this book has made him "live again under the clear skies and among the happy people of that gaunt land." Mr. Courtauld is the best of authorities and exactly confirms my own (and completely amateur) opinion that this is the most honest book of this type of adventure that has yet been published. Incidentally, it is beautifully produced and illustrated.

Another story of Arctic adventure and tragedy is **MID-ICE** by Johannes Georgi (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.), admirably translated by Mr. F. H. Lyon. The objective was the interior of Greenland, where, under the leadership of Dr. Alfred Wegener, an expedition established itself, late in 1930, for scientific research. *Mid-Ice* was the station chosen in which to conduct scientific experiments, three hundred miles from the base on the western coast. The author spent about six months there completely alone, and the "station" consisted of rooms tunnelled out of the snow. Later he was joined by his leader and two companions. It was during Wegener's return journey to the base with the faithful Greenlander Rasmus that they both lost their lives. In the last few months the author was alone again, for the rest had set out on a rescue party.

Consisting largely of a diary this book is packed full of strange life and adventure, of loneliness in icy wastes, of almost incredible privations, of good observation, and is a tribute to the heroic spirit of men upon disinterested quests.

A BOOK LIST

T. WERNER LAURIE.—GOD AND MRS. BROOM. By Julian Swift. 7s. 6d. net. CONSTABLE.—WINE IN THE KITCHEN. By Elizabeth Craig. (Constable's Wine Library edited by André L. Simon.) 5s. net. HARRAP.—PRINCE RUPERT THE CAVALIER. By Clennell Wilkinson. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net. STANLEY PAUL.—MY ANIMAL FRIENDS. By C. Emerson Brown. Illustrated. 9s. 6d. net. HIGH PRESSURE. By Joan Butler. 7s. 6d. net. MERRY ENGLAND. By Norah Burke. 7s. 6d. net. ALIXE DERRING. By Elizabeth Nisot. 7s. 6d. net. PLAYING PROVIDENCE. By Mona Messer. 7s. 6d. net. MOROCCO MARRIAGE. By L. Noel. 7s. 6d. net. ANDREW MELROSE.—THE STOLEN CONTINENT. By Francis H. Sibson. 7s. 6d. net. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—CREATION'S CRY. By Humfrey Jordan. 7s. 6d. net. SUNBURST. By Berta Ruck. 7s. 6d. net. THE SAINT GOES ON. By Leslie Charteris. 7s. 6d. net. JARROLDS.—THE FORTY DAYS. By Franz Werfel. Translated from the German by Geoffrey Dunlop. 10s. 6d. net. SHOULDER THE SKY. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. 7s. 6d. net. MARTIN SECKER.—THE LAWYER'S LAST NOTEBOOK. Introduction by Filson Young. 5s. net. THE FAMILY. By Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. net. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—PETER IN THE POST OFFICE. By Richard F. Robinov. Drawn by Tom Seton. 1s. 6d. net. MUNGO PARK AND THE QUEST OF THE NIGER. By Stephen Gwynn. 12s. 6d. net. I DISCOVER THE ENGLISH. By Odette Keun. Illustrated by Colin Gill. 6s. net. MACMILLAN.—MEMOIRS OF SIR LOWRY COLE. Edited by Maud Lowry Cole and Stephen Gwynn. 12s. 6d. net. SELECTED POEMS. By T. Sturge Moore. 5s. net. WHEELS AND BUTTERFLIES. New Plays by W. B. Yeats. 6s. net.

"God's Soldier"—St. John Ervine's Brilliant Biography of General William Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army: Two Books About Nazi Leaders—Extravagant Praise and Uncompromising Condemnation

Also from Polar regions, but this time the Antarctic, come Mr. A. J. Villiers' tales of **WHALERS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN** (Bles. 6s.). Having been a whaler himself the author is a master of his subject, and indeed if, as the publishers assure us, almost all of the incidents he so graphically describes have actually happened, we must count ourselves fortunate that one whaler has come through it all to tell the tale.

Mr. Villiers can write, knows how to construct a good story, and to use technical detail therein without sacrificing action, and his book should appeal to the boys of all ages for whom it was written. The woodcuts are good.

Two novels are in my list this week. One is **NEVER-ENDING** by Barbara Hughes-Stanton (Secker. 7s. 6d.), a young author whose work I seem to remember, but cannot find details of in this book.

Certainly Miss Hughes-Stanton writes with the assurance of a practised novelist, and knows how to handle the difficult technique of a well-knit plot. The marriage of Celia and Arnold Marshall was a war-time one, yet it survived that restless period and was for many years a happy one. There were children, and they, too, were happy.

The first rift in the lute appears when Arnold begins to stray, and is inevitably found out. There follows, of course, a period of bickering, until Celia decides that a divorce would be her only way of attaining some degree of peace and comfort. She gets her divorce, but little peace, as the quarrels continue over the children.

It is not till the little girl is almost grown up, and begins to have troubles of her own, that Celia realizes that her real happiness must lie in living for her children; to live for them in the moment and "not look either forward or back." Upon this rather pitiful little piece of philosophy she plans her life afresh, and the book ends with her looking thus insecurely into the future.

There is sincerity and purpose in this story, and with a more positive attitude this author's future work must develop for her a worth-while reputation.

I once read a charming book called *Dear Enemy*, which was about a girl's orphanage, and when I began **SHE GREW UP** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) I thought it was going to be along the same lines. I could scarcely have been more mistaken, because within thirty pages the heroine has run away from the orphanage (which, incidentally, struck me as an idyllic spot) and, with the help of a twinkling-eyed, thin-faced young doctor, and no money at all, looked for work in London. The young doctor continues thin-faced and twinkling-eyed, and helpful, but he is engaged to a beautiful girl with a "suggestion of arrogance" and no particular affection for unemployed orphans.

There is a *naïveté* about Miss Grace Elliott Taylor's story that could only appeal to the unsophisticated, but it is unaffected and unpretentious and has a satisfactorily happy ending.

Concerning Adolf Hitler there is, I believe, more than one opinion. If I have any myself this is not the place to express them. But the protagonists and antagonists of the reigning German Dictator spare no force in their arguments and, if we can maintain a disinterested observation, do not fail to afford us entertainment.

GERMANY'S HITLER (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is frankly an exercise in panegyrics, of which the author, Herr Heinz A. Heinz is able to provide countless varieties (all strictly Aryan). The book contains "25 illustrations from sketches by Chancellor Hitler, and from photographs."

HEIL! (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) begins by looking as if somebody had left out the letter I by mistake. It is called "a picture book compiled from authentic material," and its pictures are photographic and word sketches of the Nazi leaders, dead and alive. From what we may read, these gentlemen run the gamut of human emotions to a remarkable degree. The compiler, rather naturally, elects to remain anonymous.

So you "pays yer money and takes yer choice." Personally I advise you to save your money in both nstances.

Behind the Scenes at Sadler's Wells

The Training Ground for British Ballet Performers

RESTING AFTER A HARD MORNING'S WORK: The audience which sees the dancers perform with, apparently, such effortless grace hardly ever realize the arduous hours of practice required to acquire this finesse

WATCHING AND LEARNING: Junior members of the ballet viewing from the stalls the rehearsals of the more expert danseuses. Quite a lot of valuable knowledge is picked up in this way, and this delightfully natural photograph has recorded all their ambitious eagerness

PRACTICE CLOTHES: A peep into the dressing-room before a rehearsal

WAITING FOR THE CALL: A few moments conversation before the rise of the curtain

PURL BUT NOT PLAIN! Caught unawares in the wings, a delightfully unposed picture

A BALLERINA WITH A FUTURE: Miss Hermione Darnborough. A pleasing portrait of a promising and attractive young member of the Corps de Ballet

BALLET DE LUXE: Dressed for her part in *Lac des Cygnes*, the most ambitious production so far attempted at Sadler's Wells

(Photographic studies by Dorien Leigh)

CAPTAIN AVERY, in his day the most notorious of all pirates, surveying the booty brought in by his men after the capture of a ship belonging to the Great Mogul which contained over a thousand pieces of eight and other treasures. Avery, whose nickname was "Long Ben," was born near Plymouth in 1665 and died in poverty at Bideford

The Story of

A WOMAN PIRATE

Mary Read, whose Amazing Exploits Outvie Anything in Fiction: Her Sad End in a Jamaica Gaol

Two of our younger authors, Mr. James Bridie and Mr. Claud Gurney, a few weeks ago, suddenly threw in front of the London public and the dramatic critics a strange and fascinating creature bearing the name of Mary Read. She took the public by storm and the critics by surprise, for few confessed to any intimate, or, in fact, any knowledge of her at all. The majority, after the opening night at His Majesty's Theatre, reviewed the probabilities of Mary Read's career purely from the dramatic standpoint, and this in spite of the fact that the authors had dated a number of their stirring scenes. This was the only intimation, to be sure, on the programme that the aforesaid Mary was an historical character. And to-day anyone who goes to see this entrancing play is plunged at once into "A Lodging at Bath, 1712," as a preliminary to "A Farmhouse in Flanders, 1714, and the Governor's House at Providence, Bahamos, 1720, and finally a prison lazaret at Port Royal, in Jamaica, 1721."

Through this succession of picturesque scenes there moves the breath-taking young person, Mary Read, a girl who assumes boy's clothing at the instigation of her mother in order to gain support from her grandmother, finds life irksome as a page and after belting a fop in Bath, takes to soldiering with Marlborough's forces in Flanders, falls in love with a trooper comrade who had followed her to the wars at the beckoning of love, for this artist-trooper had guessed Mary's sex, whereas all others around her had accepted her youth's clothing and military bearing at their face value.

In the final act we see Mary, again in male attire, in company with a shipmate, one Ann Bonny, in the after cabin and on the deck of the *Mallard*, pirate ship under the command of Captain Rackam. We hear of her going ashore to fight a shipmate who had quarrelled with her lover, who reappears as a government spy on board the pirate vessel. She slays her opponent in single combat and shoots her lover in order to save him from torture at the hands of the pirates. The intrepid and honour-loving Mary fires a cannon against the approaching naval vessel and finally dies in the prison lazaret in Jamaica.

An astonishing narrative, enhanced, the critics said, by the very fine acting of Miss Flora Robson, who took the part of the heroine. Can it really be true, or at least founded upon fact, or is this brace of authors enjoying a pleasantry in placing dates to certain of their scenes?

A first inquiry reveals that a number of volumes dealing with piratical history do include chapters on the life of a woman pirate named Mary Read, and there is frequently associated with her the equally picturesque figure of Ann Bonny, a second woman pirate, both of whom served under Captain Rackam, a pirate leader who also has chapters devoted to his moving career. All these narratives appear to have their general fount in a work dealing with the lives of the eighteenth century pirates by one Captain Charles Johnson. The first edition of his work was published only three to four years after the death in prison of the courageous Mary Read. Nothing whatever appears to be known concerning the life of this Captain Johnson, who had such a wealth of knowledge concerning pirates and piracies. He appears to have lived until 1734, when an enlarged edition of his work was published. One of his chapters deals with Mary Read; a portion of the opening pages is reproduced on the opposite page. In it Captain Johnson tells of the birth and upbringing of Mary Read and of her being dressed in boy's clothes in order to gain maintenance money from an aged grandmother, but unfortunately it is not made clear whether the grandmother lived in London or in the country. At one period she returns to London, and at all times appears to have led an uncertain life, being of an "airy" temperament. Her daughter appears to have been of quite an opposite nature. Adventurous and unafraid, she seeks employment, first in the navy, but, not advancing in that service, she moved to an English foot regiment on the Continent and later into a regiment of horse, always in male attire.

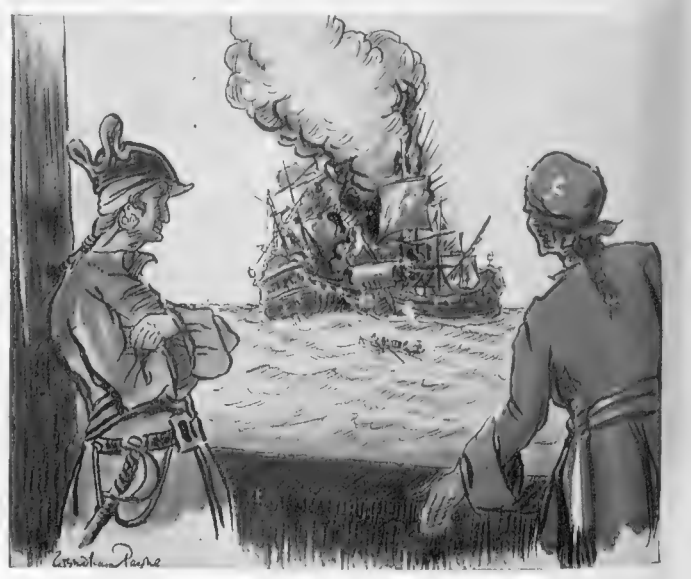
As a trooper Mary at first exhibited a characteristic efficiency until, falling in love with an attractive young Fleming, she began to relax in the strict observance of her duties, accompanied the young trooper while he was carrying out his own tasks, and finally revealed her sex to him. The trooper thought to enjoy a mistress, but Mary proved very reserved and modest, at the same time showing herself very obliging, and insinuating in her carriage, so much so that his purpose was quite changed, and the trooper courted her for a wife. They exchanged promises, and when the regiment marched to winter quarters women's clothes were bought for Mary, and the pair were publicly married. The story of two troopers getting married made a great noise, and the officers, much intrigued, helped the pair to set up housekeeping. They became the host and hostess of an inn called "The Three Horseshoes" at Breda, with success, enjoying the patronage of the officers, until at the unfortunate death of her husband, and the signing of the Peace of Ryswick, withdrawing the officers from that district, Mary Read was again thrust out into the world of adventure.

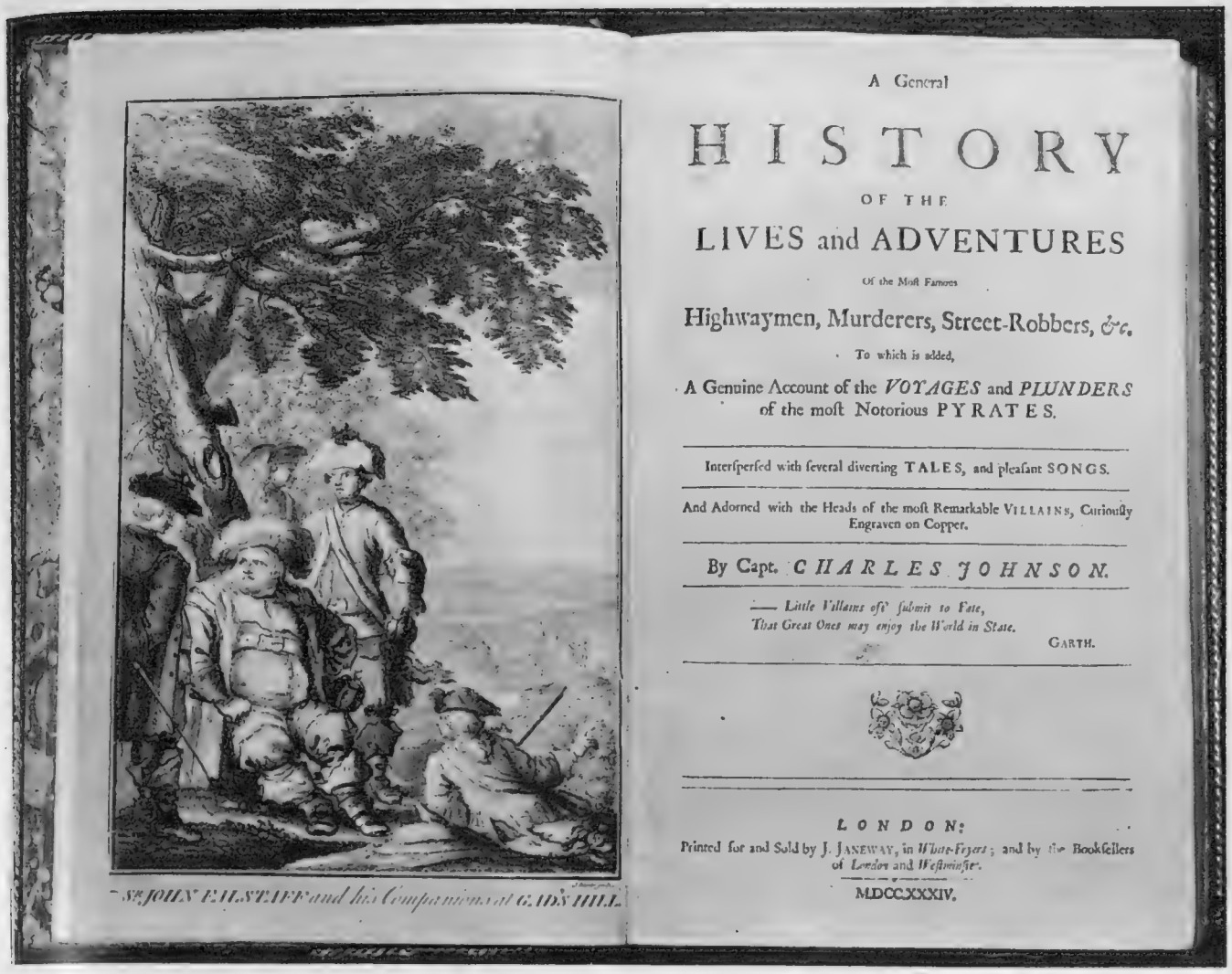
She shipped as a sailor on a ship bound for the West Indies, but fate was not to leave Mary Read alone. For this vessel was captured by a noted pirate of the name of John Rackam, and thus began the career which was to give Mary a place in piratical literature. After a first short period with Rackam, Mary appears to have had the opportunity of settling down ashore, for the pirate captain had accepted the offer of the Royal Pardon, announced by Captain Woodes-Rogers, and had ceased operations "on the Account" as the phrase went. But the lure of the cross-bones was too

(Continued on p. 501)

"WHEN THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE": An old print depicting Mary Read fighting a duel with one of her fellow pirates on behalf of her lover, another member of Captain Rackam's crew of buccaneers. Mary, who was very handy with a sword, won easily, and afterwards allowed the jealously-guarded secret of her sex to be revealed

UNDER THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES: Mary Read and Ann Bonny, who sailed with Captain Rackam, and who, when their ship was attacked by a sloop sent out by the Governor of Jamaica, were the only two to put up a fight—the male pirates behaving in most cowardly fashion. Ann was the daughter of a Cork attorney, and, when only in her teens, is said to have killed her serving maid in a fit of temper





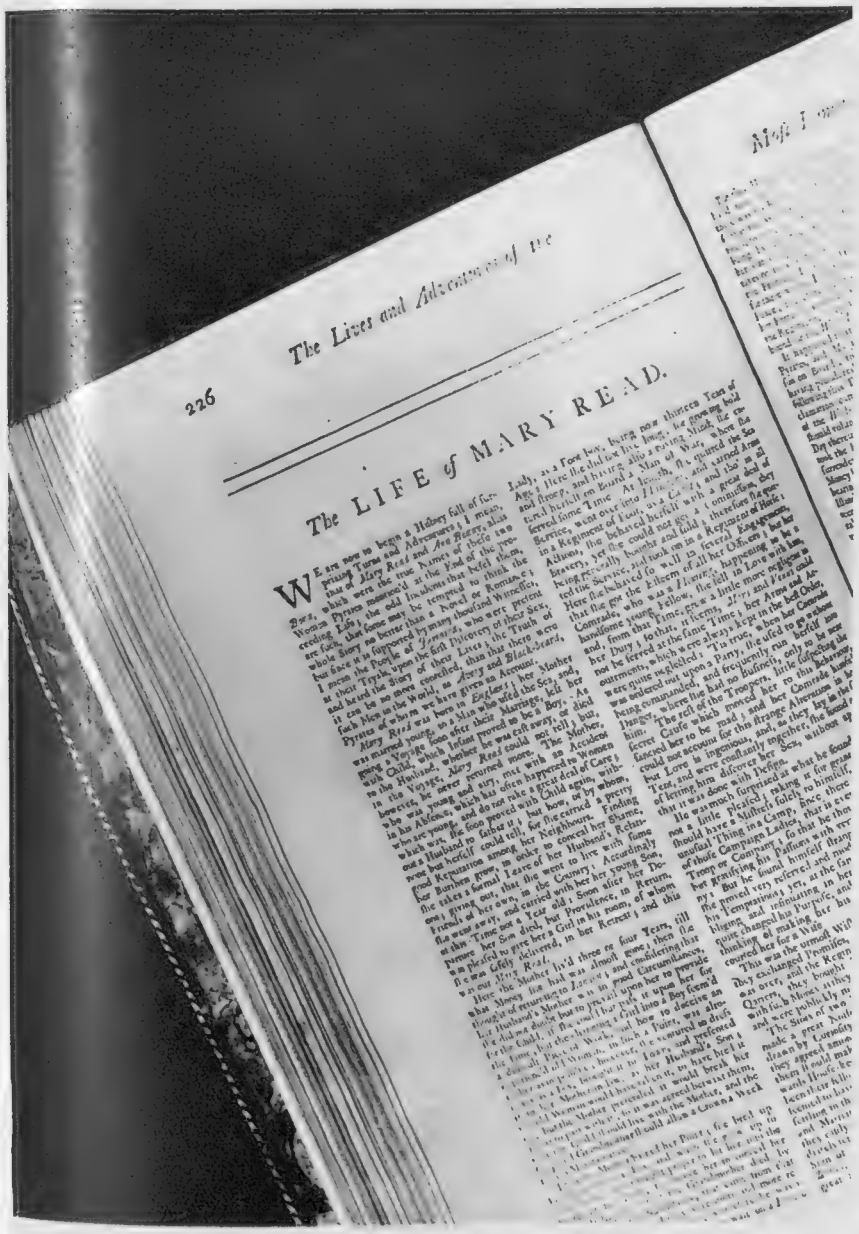
"BAD HATS" OF A BYGONE AGE: "A General History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen, Murderers, and Street Robbers, etc., to which is added a Genuine Account of the Voyages and Plunders of the most Notorious Pyrates." The title-page to the third edition of Captain Charles Johnson's book, which was first published in London four years after the death of Mary Read, and which tells the story of her amazing career in the army and on the high seas. The author, it is believed, had a first-hand knowledge of his subject as he was probably once a buccaneer himself

MARY READ

The Woman Pirate and the Central Figure in the Melodrama now being Presented at His Majesty's Theatre

✣

Extracts from the Book upon which all Accounts of Her Adventurous Life are Based



HER EARLY YEARS: The first page of the section of Captain Johnson's book dealing with the life of the woman pirate. He refers to her career as a cadet in a regiment of Foot in Flanders and how she fell violently in love with, and subsequently married, one of her fellow campaigners

A FEARSOME FIGURE: Captain Teach, commonly called Black Beard, the most ruthless of all the pirates of Mary Read's time. He was a Bristol man and during the early years of the eighteenth century was the terror of the West Indies and the coastline of America. His beard was horrific in form

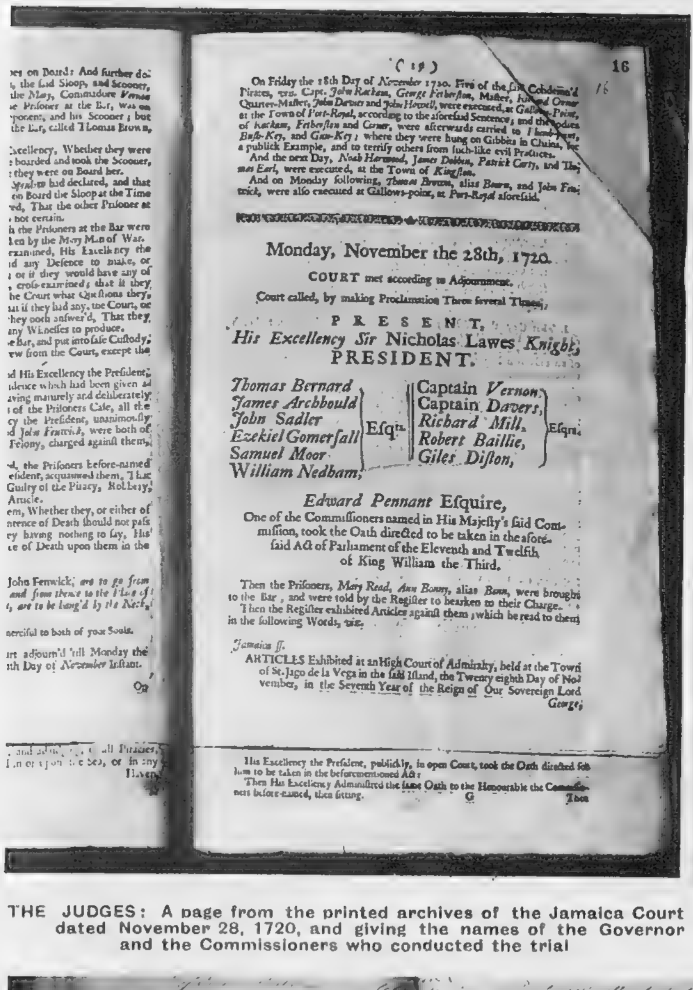
THE TRYALS OF Captain John Rackam, AND OTHER PIRATES, Viz.

George Fetherston, Richard Corner, John Davies, John Howell, Tho. Bourn, alias Brown, Noah Harwood, James Dobbins, Patrick Carty, Thomas Earl, John Fenwick, al. Fenis

AS ALSO, THE TRYALS of Mary Read and Anne Bonny, alias Bonn, on Monday the 28th Day of the said Month of November, at St. Jago de la Vega aforesaid.

And of several Others, who were also condemn'd for PIRACY.

"THE TRYALS OF CAPTAIN JOHN RACKAM AND OTHER PIRATES": The title page of the volume, published in 1721 and now preserved in the Record Office, which gives full details of the proceedings in the Jamaica Court which culminated in Mary Read and Ann Bonny, a fellow buccaneer, being condemned to death by Sir Nicolas Lawes, Governor of the Colony. On page 19 it says: "Afterwards His Excellency took the evidence which had been given against the prisoners into consideration; and having maturely, and deliberately, considered thereof, and of the circumstances of the prisoners' case, all the Commissioners then sitting, unanimously agreed that . . . both of them were guilty of the piracies, robberies and felonies charged against them." Then the prisoners were brought back to the bar and were sentenced to be hanged, but after they had informed the Court that they were "both quick with child" the order for their execution was stayed pending a medical examination. It appears that Mary Read died in prison in 1720, but nothing is known of the fate of Ann Bonny, although most authorities have come to the conclusion that she was not hanged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On Friday the 18th Day of November 1720. Five of the said Condemn'd Pirates, viz. Capt. John Rackam, George Fetherston, Master, Richard Corner Quarter-Master, John Davies and John Howell, were executed, at Gallows-Point, at the Town of Port-Royal, according to the aforesaid Sentence; and the Bodies of Rackam, Fetherston and Corner, were afterwards carried to Plumb-Point, Bush-Key, and Gun-Key; where they were hung on Gibbets in Chains, for a publick Example, and to terrify others from such-like evil Practices.

And the next Day, Noah Harwood, James Dobbin, Patrick Carty, and Thomas Earl, were executed, at the Town of Kingston.

And on Monday following, Thomas Brown, alias Bourn, and John Fenwick, were also executed at Gallows-point, at Port-Royal aforesaid.

Monday, November the 28th, 1720.

COURT met according to Adjournment.

Court called, by making Proclamation Three several Times,

PRESENT,

His Excellency Sir Nicholas Lawes Knight, PRESIDENT.

Thomas Bernard James Archbould John Sadler Ezekiel Gomersall Samuel Moor William Nedham,	Esqrs.	Captain Vernon, Captain Davers, Richard Mill, Robert Baillie, Giles Diston,	Esqrs.

Edward Pennant Esquire,

One of the Commissioners named in His Majesty's said Commission, took the Oath directed to be taken in the aforesaid Act of Parliament of the Eleventh and Twelfth of King William the Third.

Then the Prisoners, Mary Read, Ann Bonny, alias Bonn, were brought to the Bar, and were told by the Register to hearken to their Charge.

Then the Register exhibited Articles against them, which he read to them in the following Words, viz.

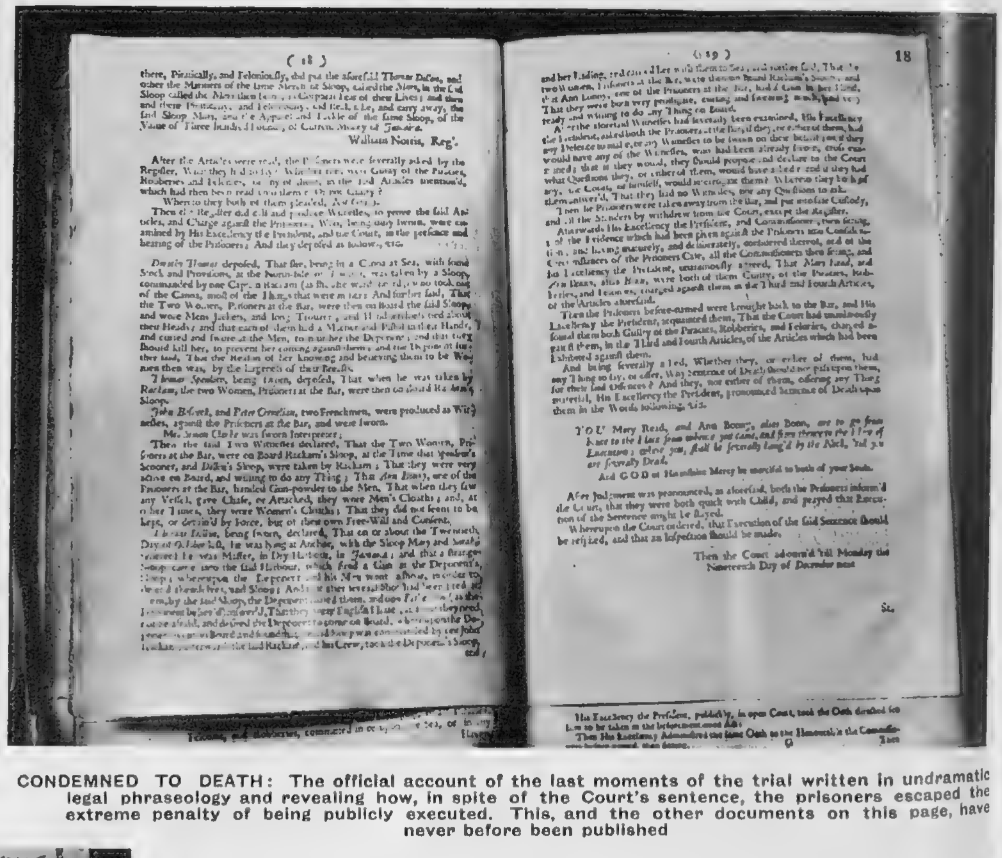
Jamaica ss.

ARTICLES Exhibited at an High Court of Admiralty, held at the Town of St. Jago de la Vega in the said Island, the Twenty eighth Day of November, in the Seventh Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord George,

His Excellency the President, publickly, in open Court, took the Oath directed for him to be taken in the beforementioned Act:

Then His Excellency Administred the same Oath to the Honourable the Commissioners before-named, then sitting. G Then

THE JUDGES: A page from the printed archives of the Jamaica Court dated November 28, 1720, and giving the names of the Governor and the Commissioners who conducted the trial


(18)

William Norris, Reg'.

(19) 18

YOU Mary Read, and Ann Bonny, alias Bonn, are to go from hence to the Place from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution; where you, shall be severally hang'd by the Neck, 'till you are severally Dead.

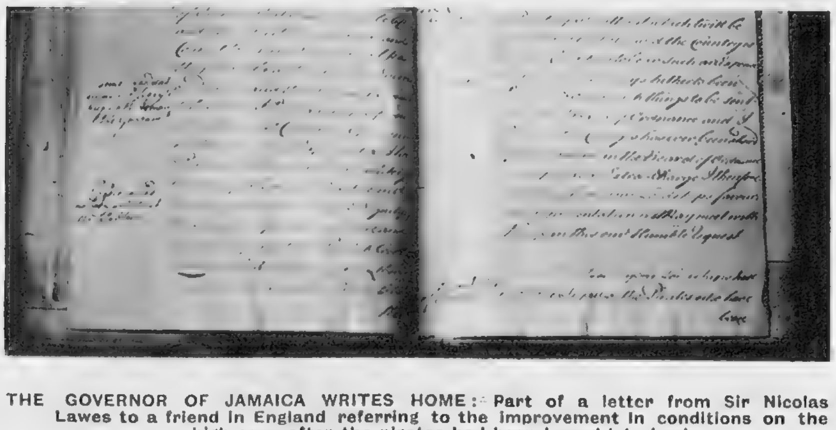
And GOD of His infinite Mercy be merciful to both of your Souls.

After Judgment was pronounced, as aforesaid, both the Prisoners inform'd the Court, that they were both quick with Child, and prayed that Execution of the Sentence might be stayed.

Whereupon the Court ordered, that Execution of the said Sentence should be respited, and that an Inspection should be made.

Then the Court adjourn'd 'till Monday the Nineteenth Day of December next

CONDEMNED TO DEATH: The official account of the last moments of the trial written in undramatic legal phraseology and revealing how, in spite of the Court's sentence, the prisoners escaped the extreme penalty of being publicly executed. This, and the other documents on this page, have never before been published


THE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA WRITES HOME: Part of a letter from Sir Nicolas Lawes to a friend in England referring to the improvement in conditions on the high seas after the pirates had been brought to book

THE TRIAL OF MARY READ AND ANN BONNY

Some Remarkable and Little-known Documents in the Record Office, Chancery Lane, which Add Considerably to our Knowledge of the Woman Pirates

THE STORY OF A WOMAN PIRATE

(Continued from p. 498)

great for these pirates ashore, and they soon converted privateering into piracy against "all flags." Mary Read was once again afloat with Captain Rackam, and once more she falls in love, this time with a young man who had been pressed into service from a captured ship. Again she lets the loved one know she is a woman.

"Now begins," writes Captain Johnson "the Scene of Love; as he had a Liking and Esteem for her, under her suppos'd Character, 'twas now turned into Fondness and Desire: her Passion was no less violent than his, and perhaps she expresst it by one of the most generous actions that ever Love inspired. It happen'd this young Fellow had a Quarrel with one of the Pyrates; and their Ship then lying at an Anchor, near one of the Islands, they had appointed to go ashore and fight, according to the Custom of the Pyrates: Mary Read, was to the last Degree uneasy and anxious, for the Fate of her Lover; she would not have had him refuse the Challenge, because she could not bear the Thoughts of his being branded with Cowardise; on the other Side, she dreaded the Event, and apprehended the Fellow might be too hard for him. When Love once enters the Breast of one who has any Sparks of Generosity, it stirs the Heart up to the most noble Actions; in this Dilemma, she shew'd that she cared more for his Life, than she did for her own; for she took a Resolution of quarreling with this Fellow herself, and having challeng'd him ashore, she appointed the Time 2 Hours sooner than that when he was to meet her Lover, when she fought him at Sword and Pistol, and kill'd him upon the Spot."

The end came when Captain Rackam's ship was captured, after the pirates had attacked a merchant sloop named the *Mary*, and had "feloniously and piratically carried off the Apparel and Tackle of the same sloop of the value of £300 of current money of Jamaica." Captain Johnson hurries to the end of his story, but it is here that THE SPHERE is able to supplement the narrative which Captain Johnson gave the world 200 years ago.

SUN-DRYING IN CHAINS: Captain Kidd hanging from a gibbet after his execution in 1701. His name is one of the best-known in the annals of piracy but, strangely enough, his actual deeds were far fewer in number and far less spectacular than those of many of his contemporaries. Kidd was born at Greenock in 1645 and for the greater part of his career sailed as an honest seaman

There happen to be among the State papers preserved in the Record Office in Chancery Lane certain papers relating to the Trials of Captain John Rackam and the pirates associated with him, and also of the Trials of Mary Read and Ann Bonny. These documents have been photographed for the first time, and are published on the foregoing pages. There is a letter from Sir Nicholas Lawes, who was Governor of Jamaica at the time of the capture of these pirates in which he refers to the beneficial effects of their execution. At the same time the Governor encloses a printed copy of the Record of the Trials of the Pirates. The actual words of Sir Nicholas are as follows:—

"I send your Lordships herewith the Tryall of the Pirates who have been executed here which has had good effect, these seas having been more free of late of such villains than for some time before."

One document reproduced here tells us that "On Friday the 18th day of November 1720. Five of the said Condemn'd Pirates, viz., Capt. John Rackam, George Fetherston, Master, Richard Corner, Quarter-Master, John Davies, and John Howell were executed at Gallows-Point, at the Town of Port-Royal, according to the aforesaid Sentence, and the bodies of Rackam, Fetherston, and Corner were afterwards carried to Plumb-Point, Bush-Key, and Gun-Key; where they were hung on Gibbits in Chains, for a publick Example, and to terrify others from such-like evil Practices.

"And the next Day, Noah Harwood, James Dobbin, Patrick Carty, and Thomas Earl, were executed at the Town of Kingston.

"And on Monday following, Thomas Brown, Alius Bourn, and John Fenwick were also executed at Gallows-point, at Port-Royal aforesaid."

The two female pirates, Mary Read and Ann Bonny, were detained for special trial ten days later. The two women were brought to the Bar and were told to hearken to their charge.

It is evident in what follows that the prosecution sought to establish the fact that the two women were acting freely on board the pirate vessel; that they were not under any duress, but rather were leading the men to action. One of the most interesting witnesses was Dorothy Thomas, who said that she being at sea in a canoa with some stock and provisions at the north side of Jamaica, was taken by a sloop, commanded by one Captain Rackam (as she afterwards heard), who took out of the canoa most of the things that were on her. And further saw, that the two women prisoners at the Bar were then on board the said sloop and wore men's jackets and long trousers and handkerchiefs tied about their heads, and that each of them had a Machet and Pistol in their hands and cursed and swore at the men to murder the Deponent . . . that the reason of her knowing and believing them to be women then was, by the largeness of their Breasts.

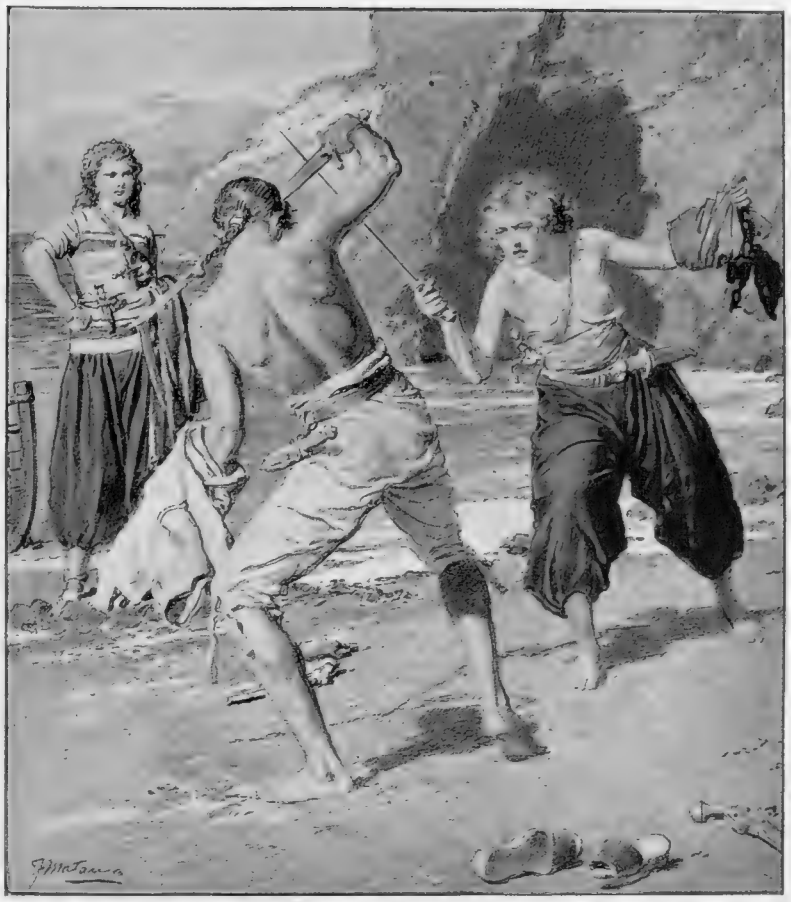
Soon after Dorothy Thomas' evidence had been given, two Frenchmen appeared who attested that the women appeared very active and willing to do anything—that Ann Bonny handed powder to the men and that when chasing a vessel, the women would assume men's attire but at other times wore women's clothes.

Thomas Dillon also swore that the two women were on Rackam's sloop, that "they were very profligate, cursing and swearing very much."

Mary Read would probably have agreed to the swearing, but would have hotly denied the profligacy then, as she did on other occasions. The evidence is that she married her trooper in the Low Countries and after his death fell in love with a young man pressed into service on a pirate ship. She maintained that she had never behaved improperly with any man and Mr. R. W. Chambers evidently believes her.

To return to the trial:—"After Judgment was pronounced, both the Prisoners inform'd the Court that they were both quick with Child, and prayed that the Execution of the Sentence might be stayed. Whereupon the Court ordered that Execution of the said Sentence should be respited, and that an Inspection should be made."

And here, at the moment, we have to leave the firm ground of history. Ann Bonny and Mary Read are taken back to jail; their ultimate fate is uncertain. In the play, Mary dies in the lazaret at Port Royal, uttering a vindication of her career.



Drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

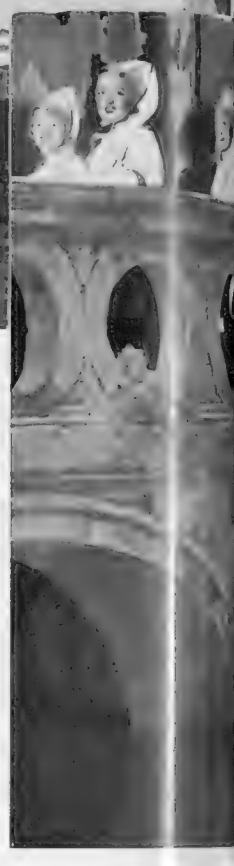
AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR: Mary Read fights a fellow pirate, while Ann Bonny her friend acts as her second; Mr. Matania's idea of the fight

A brilliant vision of Mary Read's fight for her lover occurs in "The Rogue's Moon," by R. W. Chambers (Appleton). "Over these dunes came a huge hairy man, all alone. Yet there must have been a boat's crew below him on the sea-beach, because he turned and shouted back to his fellows who were invisible to me: 'She's here! I'll not keep you five minutes waiting!' Now this vast, hairy bulk of a man drew a pistol from his belt and cocked it, and began to run toward Mary Read, yelling foul names at her and cursing her at every stride, promising to do her business for her first, and then for her puny lover, and assuring her he'd rather do it than eat his dinner. When he came nearer he presented his silver pistol and fired at her. Not hitting her he flung it on the sand, pulled another pistol, and ran toward her—a dreadful monstrous sight in his green velvet, plumed hat, and naked feet; and a fathom of heavy gold chain dangling and tossing about his thick neck and huge and hairy chest.

The second time he fired upon her, Mary Read shot him, so that his hat with the plumes fell from his head and a wash of bright blood bathed his left cheek and bearded jaws. Never had I heard such awful cursing as burst from the wounded man's distorted mouth. He pulled his hanger from his sash and leaped at her; and I saw her Barbary blade flash as it met his, cling to it, twist it, force it down, down, lower, even lower, till, as he disengaged it, she slashed him twice like lightning, and he let out a roar that might have been heard at the Lost Ship. Now he went at her in such a panic of blind and bloody fury that she gave ground and ran like a July fawn. But ever—when he stopped to slash the empty air, baffled and in check—instantly she turned upon him and bled him anew with her quivering, reddened point, so that he screamed at her in crazy rage. I was on my knees in excitement and terror lest this fearsome, gore-splashed man catch her in his hands and tear her to fragments. It may have been the salt and sand in some mortal wound he had got that suddenly set him death-howling where he stood, naked blade quivering in his fist. Instantly she glided toward him. He saw her coming, light footed, shod with velvet, and pause very close to him, smiling, motionless. Then, with infinite effort, he struck at her face with wavering sword, inarticulate, dying on his feet; and Mary Read passed her Arab blade through his body, whipped it free and sabre-cut him across the neck. Down he came in a drenched heap of soiled silk and jewels and blood-wet velvet."

THE PIRATES' DOMAIN: A sketch map showing the portion of the American coast south of Cape Hatteras and the islands of the West Indies—the principal field of operations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As the Colonial Governors and the outlaws were in some notorious cases working hand-in-hand and sharing in the profits, it is easy to understand why the task of stamping out piracy was one of such supreme difficulty

MIRTH AND WINE: The banquet scene in *Mother Goose*—this year's pantomime at the Alhambra, Glasgow



PANTO COMES TO TOWN

And Other Matters of Dramatic Interest

By PHILIP PAGE

REHEARSING FOR "CINDERELLA" AT DRURY LANE: Phyllis Neilson-Terry who takes the part of Prince Charming, and June who plays the title rôle

London is in for an orgy of pantomime this Christmas, and London will be all the better for it. Drury Lane, the Lyceum (to which returns the inimitable Mr. George Jackley—what he does in the summer time "we do not know and do not need to know"), the long-closed Prince Edward, and the Victoria Palace, where two pantomimes are to be rolled into one under the title of *Robin Hood and the Babes in the Wood*, are four theatres in the West End alone which will, as they say, be imbued with the Christmas spirit.

Brixton, Wimbledon, Hammersmith, Streatham, and Chiswick do not lag behind, and Golders Green has no less a comedian than Mr. George Graves for its Widow Twankey. Mr. Graves' voice has in it a touch of that of the greatest Widow Twankey of all time, Dan Leno, who, with Herbert Campbell at the Lane, drew from me infantile chuckles in the long ago. Some omniscient scribe talks of this being Mr. Graves' first appearance as a "dame." Not by the longest of chalks. He damed it at Drury Lane, *consule* Collins, and superb he was. In one scene of that pantomime the good fairy "beautified" him and he emerged looking like Constance Bennett.

Pantomime is said to be dying. It is taking an unconscionable time over it; the patient is obviously healthier than ever.

The form, of course, changes. The harlequinade, for instance, has almost gone and I wonder how sincere those people are who profess to resent its going. I have never yet seen a harlequinade which was not tedious nonsense, played to a theatre deservedly half empty and designed, apparently, for no other reason than for the throwing of crackers at children and the advertisements on the back-cloth. It has been scurvily treated and has fallen from its high estate. I doubt whether it would be feasible to restore its glory and I am certain that no actors would be available for it. The various "positions" of harlequin himself, and his traditional "business," are almost, if not quite, lost.

The Italian comedy on which the thing was founded may have been admirable, but its descendant is the reverse. Clowns are bores with little to recommend them except their picturesque motley, and pantaloons are worse. But by all means let us sentimentalise over them. A revival of Barrie's little play on the subject would be welcome.

Children are said to like to see as much as possible of the pantomime "story" retained. I don't believe that the majority of them care twopence about it, and adults (who are the main people to be considered, since they buy the seats) are quite indifferent to the woes of Cinderella or the adventures of Aladdin. What children do like is funny men who tumble about in funny ways, and if they seem to hurt themselves in the process that is all to the good; for children are sadistic little beasts. Bless 'em.

Gorgeous spectacle, a principal boy and a principal girl who emit when they sing at each other noises that are not too unpleasant, and plenty of dancing are other essentials. Wise, indeed, are the Brothers Melville at the Lyceum to devote particular attention to a ballet which, if it does not come up to the standard set by the Russians, involves lots and lots of people pirouetting on the stage (the less proficient stowed away at the back) and goes on a long, long time.

Political allusions are more risky than they were. It is no longer safe to suppose that all men and women automatically become Conservatives the moment they enter a theatre. But patriotism is still a good card to play in finales, and it is still advisable to wave a Union Jack rather than a red flag with a hammer and sickle on it.

The demon king is nowadays, however, dressed in green instead of red, which may be significant. Demon kings are among the small fry, most of them minor baritones. "I've never paid a demon king more than £8 a week in my life!" wailed the late Julian Wylie when his majesty on one occasion demanded more—and did not get it.

There have been pleas for more sophisticated pantomimes. They should not be sophisticated, Mr. C. B. Cochran gave us a *Babes in the Wood* with the Dolly Sisters as the babes, but it was not among his more glittering successes.

Yet they can be burlesqued, though the process is difficult. The effect of the late Harry Pelissier and the *Follies* is not likely to be surpassed. For his burlesque pantomime retained all the traditional

features, including the rhymed couplets, and poked fun at them.

"I am the Baron—the Baron Stonybroke
My part does not contain one single joke.
Each Christmas-time I earn large sums of money
By being superhumanly unfunny."

Pelissier himself, I remember, played the Dame, and sang—

"I play the part they call the dame
In Christmas pantomime;
My part is always just the same
At every Christmas time.
(Falls down.)
You're bound to get a laugh for that,
You're bound to get a laugh for that,
Put some red upon your nose,
Wear your very oldest clothes;
The reason why Gaud only knows,
But you're bound to get a laugh for that."

A pantomime this year as funny as Pelissier's is hoping, perhaps, for too much. But I am not pessimistic.

"Eugene Onegin"—Tchaikowsky's opera *Eugene Onegin* has never taken a firm grip on this country. Considering the popularity of the composer's symphonies and ballet music that is surprising, for every bar of it is characteristic. Possibly the reason is that we prefer to regard Russian opera as something more barbaric and more in the style of Borodin and Moussorgsky; Tchaikowsky is "always so refined."

Sadler's Wells has done good service in reviving *Eugene Onegin*, a course to which they were, I imagine, impelled by the success of their *Snow Maiden* production. There is plenty of good stuff in it in addition to the letter song which is so familiar on concert platforms. The lyrical beauty of the melodies is considerable (it shone through a cast which seemed to be inflicted with appalling colds in the head, from Eugene downwards) and there are opportunities for an attractive scenic setting. The opera should remain in the Vic-Wells repertoire.

Mr. Sumner Austin in the title-rôle did well, in spite of the aforesaid cold, and Miss Betsy de la Porte made the small part of a nurse quite outstanding.

The best singing of all came from Miss Joan Cross, as the love-lorn heroine, Tatiana. Mr. Lawrence Collingwood, who has lived in Russia and has a wide knowledge and experience of Russian opera, conducted a more than competent performance. But the orchestra left much to be desired, the strings being lamentably weak, for the excellent reason that there were too few of them.

Opera at the "Wells" has much to contend with, for grand opera can run away with a grand amount of money, and the orchestra is one of the most expensive considerations of all. But it should be the last department in which economy should be exercised.

And let it not be forgotten that the Vic-Wells organization has its share of blessings, financial blessings (in the sacred cause of education) being among them.

"The Count of Monte Cristo."—If certain rumblings could be heard last week in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus they can only be put down to the protests of the ghost of Alexandre Dumas. For this film at the London Pavilion I found a sorry and unexciting business.

The oddest of things are made to happen, jarring horribly with the period of the famous romance, but protests against inaccuracies of costume, etc., in French film history of, in particular, the early nineteenth century "would stretch from here to Mesopotamy" and leave film-directors quite unimpressed. Talking of history, one of the best and most accurate performances was that of the actor who took the part of Louis XVIII, though it had not the subtlety of Mr. Allan Aynesworth's portrayal of that gouty but wily monarch in *The Iron Duke*.

The photography in *The Count of Monte Cristo* is very fine indeed. Miss Elissa Landi is very stagey and quite unconvincing, and Mr. Robert Donat, as the Count, is dashing and romantic, and contrives to retain his dignity even when wheeled about in the court scene in a sort of movable dock—with utterly ludicrous effect.

"Saint Joan."—*Saint Joan*, far and away the best of Bernard Shaw's plays, is likely to be seen, on and off, at the Old Vic for a long time to come. So long as Miss Mary Newcombe is available to play the name part, that is all to the good.

I have seen three other St. Joans—Dame Sybil Thorndike, Madame Pitoëff, and Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore, and I am risking no comparisons. But the vigour and the beauty of Miss Newcombe's performance is, I think, beyond dispute. I have not hitherto been a whole-hearted admirer of this unquestionably fine actress. She has had too many moments of artificiality (though these have been in the grand manner), and she had, to my way of thinking, a trick of "biting" her words, of pronouncing, for instance, nobody as "nobuddy."

None of these is apparent in her St. Joan. She is an actress of brilliant intelligence—and she is intelligent enough not to let Joan appear sophisticated. Yet she does not underline the country wench business. A Joan who drawled and mouthed like Audrey in *As You Like It* would be intolerable. Before her judges, in her protest against life imprisonment, Miss Newcombe was magnificent.

William Poel.—If ever there was an idealist in the world of the theatre that man was William Poel, who has died full of years and, if not full of honours, deeply honoured and respected by those who knew him and his work.

Poel was one of the few high-brows of the drama—he would have squirmed at the Americanism, but it is undeniably expressive—who was not "high-hat." He has, I note, been called a failure, though in the kindliest sense. I would count no man a failure who has lived to see his ideas on Shakespearean production, which was his life's work, put into practice and who, on his eightieth birthday a couple of years ago, was acclaimed at his true worth by all the best brains in the theatre.

I never saw him act; from all accounts he was not much of an actor and never claimed to be. But he had the Elizabethan spirit which made memorable his productions not only of Shakespeare but of Marlowe and Webster. Modern playgoers may remember his production at the now-demolished Oxford music-hall of a curious old version of Hamlet, based, I believe, on a contemporary prompt-book and entitled *Fratricide Punished*.

ENGLISH HISTORY ON THE GERMAN STAGE: Maris Bohmer as Charles I in Mieko Jelusich's play *Cromwell* which is now running at the Deutsche Kunstlertheater, Berlin

BELLES OF THE POOL: *Goody Two Shoes*, another of Glasgow's Christmas pantomimes, is being presented on a most elaborate scale with a bathing scene as the principal attraction

ELISABETH BERGNER—A RECENT STUDY: She is at present helping to make the screen version of *Escape Me Never*—the play in which she made her London debut and in which she scored such a triumph

AUTORI, THE VERSATILE: The famous caricaturist and operatic star who is having a big success in Vienna at the moment in the role of Basilio, the music teacher, in Rossini's *Barber of Seville*

SPENDING CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY

Hard Wearing Furs of Unusual Distinction, and Classic Tailored Suits to Wear Beneath Them

During the cold days that always come in the early part of the year, especially when the first part of the winter has been unseasonably mild, a fur coat is absolutely indispensable. The primary consideration for country dwellers and for sportswomen is naturally the length of life that a fur is likely to enjoy and the way in which it will stand up to really rough usage. But this should not obscure their most vital mission, which is not only to keep women warm, but to flatter them and to make them beautiful even at the end of a hard day at a point-to-point meeting.

Two remarkably good coats are sketched on this page. The one in the foreground is of finest black Russian pony, with an ocelot collar which can be worn either open or closed. The sleeves are set into a narrow wristband—very comforting—and it is shaped to the waist. Altogether a really sound investment for 65 guineas.

The second coat is of natural black musquash, made of such magnificent skins that it is hardly recognisable. It is worked as mink, has a luxurious collar which forms an asymmetric point at the back and would be ideal for motoring, for it will wear and wear and always look what it is—a coat of the finest possible quality.

Both these models come from Revillon, of Regent Street, where there is a selection of pony coats from 39 guineas, and of natural Western musquash coats from 29 guineas.

A suit, perfectly cut and tailored, made for movement, yet fitting with poetic precision, is the greatest standby one can have. One never grows tired of it and it never looks out of place, be it in the most humble or the most exalted company. Now is the moment to choose a new suit, for Burberrys' sale is in full swing and their salons in the Haymarket are filled with the sort of things one always wants, at prices one usually only dreams about!

The ready-to-wear suit on the left of this page, for instance, made in tweeds, cheviots, saxonies, and worsteds, is one that is usually offered at prices ranging from 10 to 13 guineas, but now it is available for 6½ or 7 guineas, according to the cloth chosen. There are also single-breasted models at the same price, while tweed overcoats, belted, with raglan or inset sleeves, are astounding value at 4 and 5 guineas. For more formal occasions there are navy blue and dark grey coats, fully lined with crêpe, for 6 guineas, and for travelling, fleecy top coats in plain colours, in large herring-bone designs, shadow-checks, or two-toned browns and greys, reduced from 10 and 11 guineas to 6 guineas. Incidentally, garments will be sent post free during the sale, and all alterations will be made free of charge.

All garments included in the sale, which continues throughout January, are part of Burberrys' ordinary stock, and costumes and overcoats, made to measure, are offered at exceptionally low prices because they are made up in surplus cloths which are not being continued.

One last note—single-breasted unbelted Burberrys, with circular collars, will cost only 75s. throughout January, and single or double-breasted models, with belts, may be acquired for 94s. 6d.

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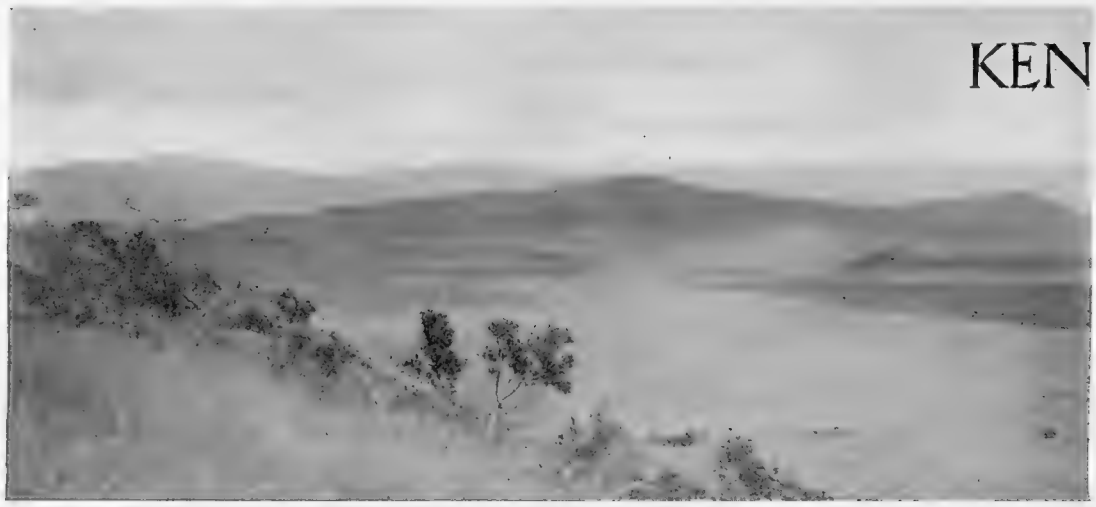
KENYA AND UGANDA

Ideal Countries for Winter Travel

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.



PANORAMA: A section of the great Rift Valley in Kenya, one of the most interesting geological features of the African continent. It varies between 40 and 60 miles in width and is in the line of an immense terrestial cleavage which can be traced from Beira northwards to Lake Rudolf, through Abyssinia, diagonally across the Red Sea, and up the valley of the River Jordan

THE prospect of East Africa as a land for winter travel is still a novel one for many people, yet each year sees an increasing number of winter visitors to Kenya and Uganda, attracted by the idea of a travel tour in lands that are off the beaten track, but which, notwithstanding, are thoroughly organized for travel, with an excellent railway system, good motor roads, a fine steamer service on the great lakes, and modern hotels in all the leading centres, whilst as for the matter of getting to East Africa, there is a choice of several steamship lines—monthly sailings from London by Union-Castle and British India steamers, or monthly from Southampton, by the German African Line. Then there are the overland routes—via Egypt and the Sudan, proceeding by steamer up the White Nile to Juba, and there connecting with the Kenya and Uganda Railways services to all parts of Kenya and Uganda; and via South Africa, rail from Cape Town or Durban, by way of Buluwayo, Victoria Falls and Elizabethville to Bukama, steamer on the Lualaba River to Kabalo, rail to Albertville, steamer across Lake Tanganyika to Kigoma, and thence by road motors, steamers and trains, to Nairobi. Another, and very novel and extremely interesting, method of getting to East Africa is to travel by the motor route across the Sahara from Algiers, via Reaggan, to Gao, thence to Kano, by Lake Chad to Fort Lamy, Bangassou, and Buta, to Rejaf on the Nile, and thence to Juba and Uganda, whilst for those who prefer the quickest route there is the weekly air service of Imperial Airways, which leaves London every Wednesday and lands passengers in Nairobi on the Monday following.

A GOOD DEAL of the finest scenery in Kenya and Uganda is in the highlands, and here the climate between January and March is at its best. The days are warm and sunny, the heat being tempered by cool breezes, whilst the air is dry and bracing, and the nights are very refreshing. This in the period of the least rainfall, and accordingly it is an ideal time for travel. Assuming that the journey to East Africa is undertaken by sea the traveller will find Mombasa a place of moist, tropical heat, with the European quarter modern and well built, the old Arab town a maze of narrow, irregular streets and lanes.

From Mombasa you can reach almost any part of Kenya or Uganda, by road or by rail, and travel on the Kenya and Uganda Railways is exceedingly comfortable. Apart from the ordinary accommodation on the mail trains—of first and second class compartments, with sleeping berths, wash basin, folding table, electric fan, and special reading lights, and restaurant cars—there are a limited number of private saloon coaches fitted with kitchen, servants' compartment, bath and lavatory, and electrically lit, which may be reserved for long direct journeys, or a continuous series of journeys, at rates which, if desired, include all catering charges with the exception of liquors. In this way one may travel throughout the greater part of Kenya and Uganda (there are special excursion fares), and where the railway ends there are connecting motor services by road, whilst on Lakes Victoria, Kioga, and Albert, there are steamship services maintained by vessels which are modern and well-equipped.

The scenery of Kenya and Uganda is extremely varied—great plains and lakes, mighty mountains and volcanoes, lofty plateaux, wide stretches of forest, rivers and waterfalls, and a coastal belt of tropical vegetation from which one rises to the highlands so soon that almost one's first impression of East Africa is that of a cool and hilly country, rather than one that is low-lying and hot. One of the wonders of the world is the great Rift Valley, a wide depression of the earth due to earthquake shocks in ages past, which extends from Syria to Mozambique, and which is witnessed in Kenya in its most impressive aspect. Seen from the summit of the Escarpment, a station on the Kenya Railway, the view is of a valley 2,000 ft. below, jewelled with gleaming lakes and studded with hills dwarfed by the height into the appearance of mere mounds.

Then there is Mount Kenya, with its snowcapped peak and its glaciers, to be seen, on the slopes of which is some of the finest forest scenery in East Africa; and you can go by rail to Moshi, in Tanganyika, just across the border and obtain a view of Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, with its curiously-shaped dome of snow and ice, and which rises to its great height of 19,710 ft., from a plain the level of which is only 3,000 ft. above the sea, whilst from Kampala, in Uganda, where the rail ends, a good motor road leads to Fort Portal, only a few miles from the magnificent Ruwenzori range — the "Mountains of the Moon." Other wonders of Nature are the Ripon Falls, where the waters of the Nile pour forth from the great Lake Victoria, at Jinja, discovered by that fearless explorer, Speke, in 1860, who solved the problem that had baffled the geographers of the ages; and the beautiful Murchison Falls, also on the Nile, near Lake Kioga.

THE BOTTLE NECK: The twenty-six feet wide Murchison Falls in Uganda over which the mighty Victoria Nile thunders down in a series of cascades to the level of Lake Albert

THE PICTURESQUE CHANIA RIVER, which flows through the rich agricultural district near Thika, Kenya

AFRICA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN: A distant view of the snow-clad summit of 19,710 ft. Kilimanjaro

NAIROBI is a fine holiday centre. It is 5,462 ft. above sea level, with a cool climate, and is very central for exploring Kenya, being on the edge of the rich farming lands which rise to the crest of the Kikuyu Escarpment, and within easy motoring distance of Mount Kenya, whilst it is close to the great Southern Game Reserve. A short car ride takes one into the midst of coffee plantations, with characteristic East African upland scenery, and affords delightful glimpses of the pleasant homesteads of white settlers, and the forest is soon reached. Nairobi is a well-built town, attractively laid out, and has large up-to-date hotels, theatres, a fine library and a museum with a magnificent collection of mounted heads of game, three golf courses, a sports ground, an aerodrome, and a racecourse; and there you can make all arrangements for safari, whilst a very pleasant sporting excursion is by car to Lake Naivasha, there to indulge in excellent fishing for black bass.

Entebbe, Uganda's capital, is charming: a garden city of tree-lined roads and park-like grounds in which are set bungalows surrounded by a wealth of trees, flowering shrubs, and flowers, and its site on a small promontory overlooking the lordly Lake Victoria is a lovely one. It has very fine Botanic Gardens, where there are specimens of all the indigenous plant and tree life of Uganda; and when you have passed from it to Kampala nearby, on its seven hills, a busy trade centre, with bazaars teeming with native and Asiatic life, the vision of Entebbe and its green lawns leading down to the blue and silvery waters of Lake Victoria will remain with you, and long after you have left Kampala—and East Africa!

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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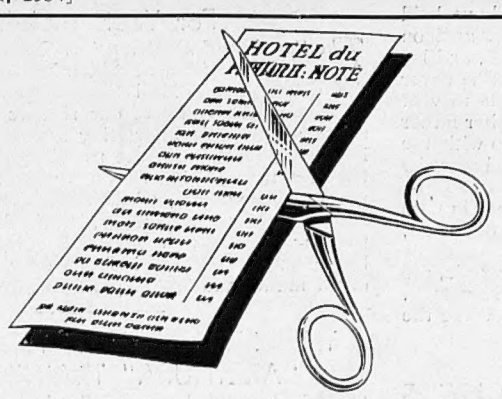

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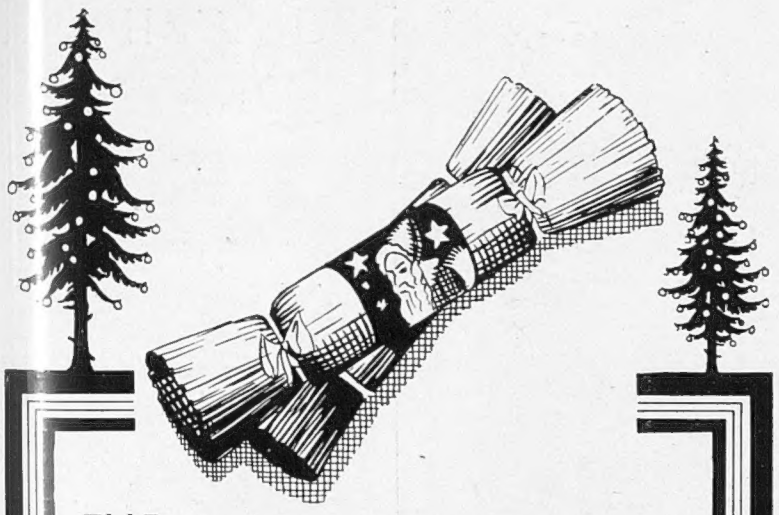

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A CHRISTMAS NOVELTY: The "Globe" five-valve wireless set which is being sold in large numbers at Messrs. Whiteley's. It has been designed particularly for schools and for those who frequently listen-in to foreign stations, and has a moving scale which enables the user to find out at any given moment the exact time in any part of the world. The set costs 13 guineas

NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE

(Continued from p. 492)

Tuileries on January 25, 1814, just as he set off on the desperate effort to crush the allied forces then actually in France. In this he might have been successful but for one fatal letter, in this collection, which he wrote from Bar-sur-Aube on March 23, telling her of his decision to march to the Marne in order to drive the enemy from Paris.

This letter fell into Blücher's hands, and its news informed him that Paris was left unguarded. He marched there at once, Marie Louise and the King of Rome hurriedly left for Blois, under the strict orders of Napoleon which his wife dared not disobey, and the city surrendered. It has often been thought that had Marie Louise disobeyed Napoleon for the only time, the defence would have been so keen that Paris might have held out till Napoleon arrived to save it. But Napoleon had been ruined by the fatal letter to his wife, and his orders which she too faithfully carried out. She never saw him again, though she made many efforts to visit him at Fontainebleau. She was restrained by her father who persuaded her it was best she should go with the little King to Vienna—Once back in her old home she had not the courage to break away, and get off to Elba, against the wishes of everyone around her, and in time she found consolation elsewhere, in the Duchy of Parma, with Count Neipperg.

It will be seen that these letters just made public, are a most valuable addition to our knowledge of Napoleon, and bidders are expected from many nations, while the bidding itself will arouse great interest.

SIGNING THEM UP FOR THE CIRCUS

(Continued from p. 484)

building. The Gold Dust Twins came all the way from Cleveland to New York—a third of the way across the American Continent—to give a twenty-minutes' audition to Bertram Mills at 9.30 a.m., just after he had made his spectacular dash by train and taxi from Toronto, which I have already mentioned. It was Bertram Mills, too, who signed on the Dirk Van Groenhout Troupe of Tumbling Dutchmen in a small town on the borders of Holland and North Germany, where he had gone to see a man about a horse deal. The contract was settled over schnapps in Groningen at lunch-time.

The Hagenbeck tigers were booked in Madrid in the midst of the recent troubles, and it was this act which involved all those telephone calls to London, Rome, and Gresford.

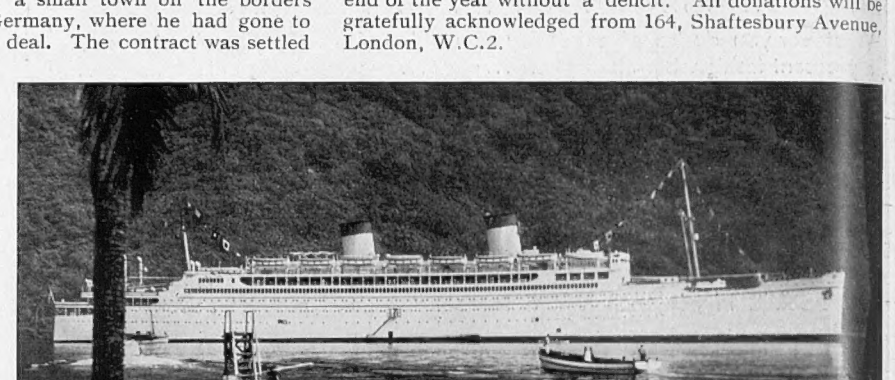
Well, there you are. You see them come into the ring and do their stuff, bow to the applause, and disappear, but it never occurs to one what a game it is to sign them up, and how many hundreds of disappointing miles are covered by aeroplane, car, and train only to find that the local agents have been too optimistic and the circus turns at the journey's end are no use at all for Olympia.

For Your Bookshelf

The South and East African Year Book and Guide, the 1935 edition of which has just been issued by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., is well-known to many of our readers and is recognised as an absorbingly interesting reference book which is indispensable alike to the traveller, the settler, and the business man having dealings with the African continent. The volume, which contains about 1,100 pages and about 60 pages of maps, is priced at 2s. 6d. (3s. 3d. post free). The new edition has been most carefully brought up-to-date and includes over 3,500 amendments of the matter and figures published in 1934.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

THE Society have received from their Patron, H.M. The King, a donation of £10 towards the funds of the Newport Market Army Bands School, which is one of their branches. The Society have also received from their President, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, a donation of £10. Will readers of THE SPHERE please follow these Royal examples, and send donations, large or small, towards this great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women? A large sum is still required if the Society is to reach the end of the year without a deficit. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



THE MATSON LINER, "MARIPOSA," AT PAGO PAGO, SAMOA

Ships crossing the International Date Line in the Pacific always have to readjust their clocks, those going eastward towards the American coast having the same day twice and those going westward missing a day. It so happens that the Mariposa, *bound from San Francisco to Sydney, will be nearing the "Line" on Christmas Eve, and on the following morning the passengers will wake up to find that it is Boxing Day. However, it would probably take a great deal more than the "eccentricities" of the clock to prevent those on board from duly celebrating the greatest festival of the year*

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints to Travellers

A SWISS WINTER SPORTS RESORT

Gstaad, which is situated on the Montreux–Bernese Oberland Railways at a height of 3,450 ft., is not one of the largest of the Swiss resorts, but judging from its facilities for winter sports and its programme for the season, the fourteen hotels there should be well booked up. There are five ice-rinks, including one natural rink, three ice-hockey rinks, five curling rinks, two toboggan runs, two bobsleigh runs, and two ski-leaps, while in connection with these there are various clubs. The main season at Gstaad is from December 16 to March 10, and during this time every week has at least three or four events for the distraction and entertainment of visitors. Some weeks are particularly gala and run to upwards of a dozen tournaments and exhibitions. Then there are international ice hockey matches, curling tournaments, fencing tournaments, shooting matches, and the XIV Annual National Horse Show and Jumping Competition on Snow, with ski-joring races. The long, active days can be wound up very pleasantly in the comfortable lounges of the hotels, and those whose energy is still undiminished will find plenty of opportunity for dancing.

Answers to Enquirers

D., Staffs (Sicily).—A comfortable hotel in Taormina which charges about £1 per day is the Timeo. In Palermo the Grand Hotel et des Palmes charges about the same. Both hotels are slightly cheaper before February 1 and after April 30. Palermo can be reached either by boat or by train from Naples though the journey by boat is shorter and more convenient, being only eleven hours from Naples, arriving at Palermo at 9.30 a.m. You would find plenty of English people at Taormina, where there is an English club.

M., London (Italy).—In spite of its situation in the Dolomites Merano is famous as a winter health resort, for its climate then is mild, equable, and extremely sunny, though it is not so warm as the Riviera. It is a most attractive town with covered walks, a casino where orchestral concerts are given regularly, a small theatre, cinemas, tennis courts, and a golf course. There are a large number of hotels and pensions in Merano; the Hotel Splendide Corso, which is not too large, charging from 36 lire per day. The return 2nd class fare to Merano via Calais, Milan, and Verona is about £15 7s.

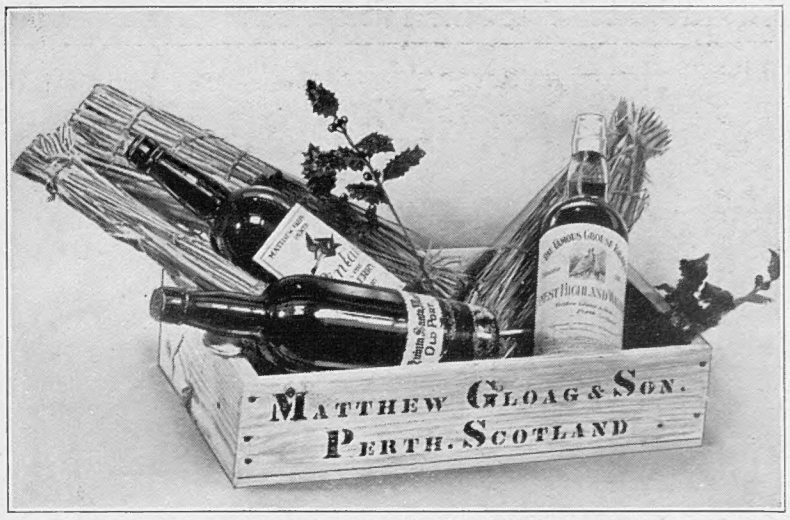
H., Jersey (Spain).—Malaga is well known as a winter resort, and has quite a large English colony. The hotels there are good, the town is pleasant, and it is quite possible that you would be able to bathe in February. The excursion from Malaga to Granada can be made quite conveniently, but the trip would not be very pleasant during the winter as it can be very cold up in the mountains near Granada. The two leading hotels, the Mirimar and the Caleta Palace, are situated on the front overlooking the sea, their terms ranging from 25 to 45 pesetas per day. The return 2nd class fare is £17 14s. 8d., the journey being made via Paris and Madrid. As this does not include the price of sleeping berths or meals en route, you would find it cheaper to travel to Gibraltar by sea, making the short journey from there to Malaga by motor coach. The return 1st class fare from London to Gibraltar by P. & O., Orient, or Union Castle Line boat is only £18.

N., Berks (Austria).—Two small villages in the Tirol, where winter sports can be had, are Stuben and Zurs. Stuben is a sleigh ride from Langen, on the main Basle–Innsbruck line. The ski-ing is very good and lasts until the end of March. At the Gasthof Alte Post you would get terms from 13 Austrian schillings per day. Zurs is also reached by sleigh from Langen. The Hotel Edelweiss there charges from 16 Austrian schillings per day.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered



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All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:—

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Palma de Majorca.—Hotel Ingles.—Gives you the best of the best at mod. rts. Pens. fr. Ptas. 13 to 20. Spec. terms for long stay. Engl. spkn.

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Le Zoute—Knocke.—The Golf Hotel.—"Always Open." Inclusive Winter terms, 10/-.

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Paris.—Bohy-Lafayette.—Nr. Opera. Squ. Montholon. Cmft. of de luxe hotel at lwst. rates. Apply for illus. tariff to Mr. J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Hyeres.—Hotel Beausejour.—Engl. Resid. Hotel in large garden. Engl. Library. Nearest golf, croquet. From 9/- daily. Bertrang, Prop.

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Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

ITALY.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

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Capri (where Winter is Spring).—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The best on the sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

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Adelboden.—Adler Hotel & Kursaal.—Exc. Ski-ing and Curling, indoor amusmnts. English Ski-Club, best food, inclus. terms from Frs. 14.

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